

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## FANCIES.

## I.

## LOVERS.

HE gather'd blue forget-me-nots,  
To fling them laughing on her knee.  
She cried, "Ah no; if thou canst go,  
Ah, love, thou shalt forgotten be!"

He gather'd golden buttercups,  
That grow so very fresh and free.  
"Ah, happy plays, in childish days,  
When buttercups were gold to me!"

He gathered little meadow-sweet,  
And hid it where she could not see.  
She peep'd about and found it out,  
And laugh'd aloud, and so did he.

He gather'd shining silver-weed;  
He stole the heather from the bee:  
Amid the grass the minutes pass,  
And twilight lingers on the lee.

## II.

## TO A GIRL.

Thou art so very sweet and fair,  
With such a heaven in thine eyes,  
It almost seems an overcare  
To ask thee to be good or wise:

As if a little bird were blam'd  
Because its song unthinking flows;  
As if a rose should be ashamed  
Of being nothing but a rose.

Alas! why have we souls at all?  
Why has each life a higher goal?  
May not a thing as pure and small  
As thou art—be excused a soul?

If there were only birds and flowers,  
How beautiful the world would be!  
Or could we spend our happy hours,  
And live like them, how blest were we!

Alas! but life is but a breath,  
And every breath with danger rife,  
And every breath leads on to death,  
And after death—the *real* life!

THE AUTHOR OF "CHILD-WORLD."  
Good Words.

## A DIALOGUE.

SHE. THE dandelions in the grass  
Are blown to fairies' clocks,  
On this green bank I pluckt (alas!)  
The last of lady-smocks.

## HE.

Let them die,  
What care I?  
Roses come when field flowers pass.

SHE. But these sun-sated, sultry hours  
Will make your roses fall,  
Their large, wide-open, crimson flowers  
Must die like daisies small.

HE. Sweet as yet!  
I'll forget  
(When they die) they lived at all!

MARY F. ROBINSON.

## LEAD THEM HOME.

LORD, we can trust thee for our holy dead,  
They, underneath the shadow of thy tomb,  
Have entered into peace: with bended head,  
We thank thee for their rest, and for our  
lightened gloom.

But, Lord, our living—who, on stormy seas  
Of sin and sorrow, still are tempest-tossed!  
Our dead have reached their haven, but for  
these—  
Teach us to trust thee, Lord, for these, our  
loved and lost!

For these we make our passion-prayer by  
night;  
For these we cry to thee through the long  
day.  
We see them not, O keep them in thy sight;  
From them and us, be thou not very far  
away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home  
To where thou standest at the heavenly  
gate;  
That so, from thee they sl... not farther  
roam;  
And grant us patient hearts thy gathering-  
time to wait.

Sunday Magazine. H. MACDOWALL.

WHAT can heal a broken heart?  
Death alone I fear me,  
Thou that dost true lovers part,  
What can heal a broken heart?  
Death alone that made the smart,  
Death that will not hear me.  
What can heal a broken heart?  
Death alone I fear me.

A. M. F. ROBINSON.

From The Fortnightly Review.

## THE MIGRATION OF CENTRES OF INDUSTRIAL ENERGY.

MANY must have been struck with surprise at the unusual language and unusual turn of thought of one of our greatest orators — perhaps I may say our greatest orator — when he was present some months since at the celebration of the opening of the new Town Hall at Manchester. It is not the habit of Mr. Bright to be despondent of the progress of modern society. We should be disposed to say of him, if of any man, that he has faith in the future. When he looks back upon the past, he surveys a record of cruelty and wrong that excites his strongest indignation. When he contemplates contemporary life, he sees much that he is eager to remove. But the future has been his compensation. In the anticipations of the centuries and ages to come he has found a refuge from the memories of the iniquities that have been. Let us have peace, let us have freedom, and all will be well. In the development of commerce and of industry, in the interchange between nation and nation of the products of diversified industries and the fruits of different climes, we shall have the best safeguard that peoples will dwell at peace with peoples, that the spread of civic happiness shall accompany the growth of civic liberty, and that a crowded but prosperous and contented population shall cover the land as the waters cover the sea. Get rid of feudalism and its attendant vices once and forever, and all these blessings shall be realized for those who are to come after us. I do not think I misrepresent Mr. Bright's habitual conceptions of the future in this language ; and what I attribute to him has undoubtedly been felt with more or less clearness and force by many of this generation ; and to them especially, as in a minor measure to all, it must have been a harsh and unpleasant surprise to find him prophesying decline when he might have been expected to have prophesied increase, to hear him in the midst of the joyous satisfaction of the municipality of our greatest manufacturing town at the completion of a city hall built to last for hundreds upon hundreds of years, interpreting some writing on the wall: "We

are judged. We are found wanting. Our greatness is doomed to pass away from us." It would almost seem as if a clearer and nearer prospect of the realization of a dream had proved its insufficiency. Brought face to face with his faith in the future he felt it could not be trusted. But you will remember that Mr. Bright had a special cause for his forebodings. The quarrels between capitalists and workmen — I do not know if we might not say, the demands of workmen upon capitalists — inspired his anxiety. He was fearful that in these struggles over the division of the profits of our industry, the industry itself might disappear. We should destroy the supremacy of our trade before we had arrived at a partition of its gains between employers and employed. In what I have to say to you to-night, I shall dwell very little, if at all, upon this ground of anxiety. To discuss it might provoke passions that would be out of place here, and I will confess that for my own part I am not affected by this particular fear of the future. In the first place this spring of danger does not arise from any permanent unalterable fact. Workmen and capitalists may become reconciled to one another, and it may be presumed that they would become reconciled in the presence of overwhelming danger. And if it be true, as unfortunately it is, that workmen and capitalists have their quarrels here, I know not the civilized country where similar disputes do not prevail. You know that the struggle in the United States went last summer to the length of open war. In the busiest villages of Belgium the intervention of an armed force has been periodically necessary to keep the peace between coal-workers and coal-owners. In Germany the programme of the labor-war is developed to a degree quite unknown in our own island. A French satirist has described the demands of the French workman in terms that could not be admitted among ourselves as a caricature. The danger of economic disorganization does not threaten us alone, nor does it threaten us so forcibly as many other nations ; and I cannot harbor fears that our manufacturing supremacy will on this account pass from us. Yet it may pass. Yet we feel that from

other causes, if not from this, our industrial greatness may be endangered. It is possible that Mr. Bright's own apprehensions could not be traced by any process of scientific reasoning to the cause he assigned for them. He expressed rather the forebodings of a seer into whose mind the vision of abasement is borne by some unknown but irresistible force in the hour when all men are triumphant about him. It was the moralist, not the economist or the employer, who spoke. Let us use his vague suggestion as the motive for inquiring into the causes, if we can discover them, why the great centres of labor and of production move from point to point over the surface of the earth. The investigation may not be easy, but, if we can pursue it to the end, it can scarcely fail to be profitable.

Let us consider what we undertake. The poet laureate has in one of his poems called upon the reader to place himself outside this solar system of ours, and to project himself forwards far in advance of the march of time. I do not ask you to reduce the world that we inhabit to a vanishing point nor to anticipate history; but there is a milder demand that may be made upon your imagination. You take a globe in a library or schoolroom, and you turn it idly round as the earth moves. Let us suppose that we are actually looking upon the earth in its revolution, that the seas and lakes, mountains and rivers, figured on the surface of the sphere are the realities they represent; that the crowded cities and thickly peopled countries are spots passing before our eyes covered with moving clouds of human beings. If we thus realize something of the distribution of man as it prevails at present, if we picture the movements in our own time which have colonized a continent and built up cities where there was solitude, we may more easily conceive of the migrations of a more distant past, we may even attain to some apprehension of the set of the tides of humanity reserved for the future. The globe is turning. Great part of its surface is water, crossed by man, but where no man has his dwelling-place. No insignificant part about the unmoving poles is occupied by eternal ice, through which

man may penetrate, but where he will never establish his habitation. Upon the rest of the surface man is found, here sparsely scattered, there thickly congregated. There is a large space — China — covered with a dense cloud of humanity, from which we may discern filaments moving away in several directions, although, as it would appear, only to return to the country where they came into being. India next appears, another vast assemblage of men, forming a dark patch on the globe. If in our imagination we went back to the most distant past, we might detect the first beginnings of human society in the valleys of the East, and we should see horde after horde issuing in successive centuries from the wilds of central Asia, and establishing a brief dominion of destruction and wrong over the more civilized settlers of the west and south. As the globe moves around, and our eyes dwell on regions more to the west, as we remember the past of Babylon and of Bagdad, and reconstitute in the imagination the civilized communities that followed one another on the shores of the Mediterranean and fell into decay, a thought is forced into the mind which has often engaged the attention of men.

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?

We might add to the names Byron thus mentioned. Of Tyre and Sidon too little is known to be made the subject of useful speculation, but in Egypt there still exists in records of stone that are almost imperishable the history of a civilized people, more populous, more educated, more highly organized, and enjoying a better diffusion of happiness than the subjects of the khedive can boast. The civilization of ancient Carthage belongs, like that of ancient Egypt, to a distant past; but centuries after Carthage perished, Christian communities flourished along the north coast of Africa and have disappeared. In Spain, on the other hand, Christian governments have not always maintained the industrial organization of the Saracens. The irrigation which secures the perpetual fertility of the plain of Granada is a legacy of the Moors, but elsewhere in Andalusia their useful works have been allowed to go to ruin.

In this rapid survey of the shores of the midland sea, we are constrained to ask, as has been so often asked before, whether there is a period to the lives of nations as to the lives of men. Does the gift of national vitality become exhausted after successive generations? Must we yield to the sad conviction that for the most glorious people, as for the most heroic man, there is a term fixed, beyond which it cannot survive? We are slow to recognize this necessity. A nation is made up of individuals, and though each of them passes away in due season, the race remains; nor does there appear any adequate reason why the physical, intellectual, and moral energies of the later comers should be less than those of the men that preceded them. The analogy between the life of a man and the life of a nation is obviously very imperfect, and yet we cannot neglect the facts thrust upon our notice in the history of the world. We see that nations do come into existence and pass away again; we see that they have their heyday of activity and splendor, often followed by listless centuries undistinguished by any marks of high vitality. Another observation must be made, though our pride may demur to its application. It appears to be true that breeds of domesticated animals tend to degenerate unless the breeder is at constant pains to import into his stock new springs of life. When the intensity of the struggle for existence diminishes, the standard of vigor may not unreasonably be expected to decline, and the prosperity of a nation has often invited spoliation as much because of the enervation of the people as because of the wealth that may be seized. If a demoralization of public virtue be another incident of the growth of wealth, the secret of natural decay is again accounted for. We may hope that we shall long be spared the operation of these most painful causes of decline. It is true that they may be at work when we know it not, but it is again true that anxious minds may often believe they discern the symptoms of a decay which is not in progress. A premature pessimism is as possible as an unthinking optimism. I have spoken of the intensity of vitality of a nation, and of the changes

to which it is subject. If we look back upon our own history we shall see not a few dull generations and some dull centuries. The patriot who lived in the later years of the reign of Charles II. may have thought the glory of Britain's history had passed away forever; and there were occasions in the last century when it seemed as if the ancient energy of the country had dwindled away, and we were doomed to depart from the place we had occupied among nations. These recurrent fears have been happily falsified, and we trust similar fears will continue to be falsified as they arise; but if it be true, as we have seen reason to believe, that the existence of a people depends upon the tenacity and vigor of its moral life, we shall show ourselves the truest lovers of our country in doing what we can to sustain and elevate the conceptions of public and private duty cherished by our countrymen. I do not know any nation which has survived, without a catastrophe, a corruption of conscience; and contempt of right appears to be a sure precursor of doom.

If we leave out of consideration the immutable East, with its countless millions, we see that the world known to the ancients went little beyond the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. On its coast successive empires rose and fell. There were the marts of commerce; there were the crowded habitations of men; there were found the centres of such industry as supplied the wants of the West. Northern Europe was a half-peopled forest waste whose inhabitants had not arisen above the level of savage life. America was of course unknown; and Africa was equally unknown, except along the Mediterranean coast. Even after the breaking up of the Roman Empire the centres of life, of industry, and of commerce remained for centuries in the south, and it was not until late in the Middle Ages that northern rivals had established themselves. In the thirteenth century the busiest marts of industry in Europe were on the Northern Sea. Bruges is sometimes said to have been then the manufacturing metropolis of the world; Ghent was not far behind it in importance; while the towns of the Hanseatic League furnished the merchants and ship-

owners who were the carriers of the produce of different nations. Simultaneously, however, with the rise of these northern cities, there rose in the south Venice, Genoa, Florence, and many others scarcely less famous; yet we know from the language of Dante how profoundly the imagination of the south was impressed by the energy of Bruges and the cities of Flanders. Bruges has been called the Liverpool of the Middle Ages. Its commerce extended to every corner of the known world. The merchants of some seventeen kingdoms are said to have been represented there in as many privileged factories, and twenty foreign ministers dwelt within its walls. The visitor who now makes the round of its boulevards enjoys a pleasant prospect of meadow lands and of still waters stretching far away to the horizon; but he sees that the town has shrunk within its ancient borders, so that it occupies only a small fraction of the space it once filled. There is now no danger that the idle stranger shall be knocked down and trampled upon by an eager crowd passing out of their workshops to obtain a midday meal within the allotted hour. To what are we to attribute this remarkable development and subsequent decay of manufacturing industry on the shores of the German Ocean? The secret of the energetic qualities that thus became manifest in the cities of Flanders is, perhaps, beyond our reach; but the energy of the inhabitants of the Low Countries was recognized long before Flemish cities became eminent as manufacturing centres; and some of the conditions which allowed this energy to have free scope may be discerned. Tacitus put on record, in his survey of the inhabitants of Germany, that the Batavians were, of all of them, the most energetic and vigorous, and had never acknowledged the supremacy of the Romans. This vitality of character has ever been a main factor in the subsequent history of the Netherlands. When favorable conditions appeared for the development of industrial life the men were ready to use them. What were their favorable conditions? The greatness of Bruges rested on the pre-eminent ability of its weavers in turning wool into cloth; but these weavers would not have been so numerous or so powerful had not the circumstances of the time been favorable to the production of wool to be made into cloth. That the men of Flanders found themselves to be men of energy, we see by their zealous assertion of municipal privileges wrung from their lords. They manifested the same

energy in manufacturing, and when the excellence of their work was once established, its predominance was maintained, even though foreign kings sought to exclude it from their realms.

But I have said that the circumstances of the time appear to have been favorable to them. Before the reign of Edward I. closed, an immense advance had been made in the development of England. The unity of the realm had been established. A judicial system was in operation, much as it remained until very recent years. The law had become settled. The representatives of the Commons had been summoned to Parliament. I cannot resist the conviction that the great and beneficial changes thus accomplished in the political organization of England had produced remarkable effects on the social state of the people. The efficiency of labor in England was found to be increased simply because the husbandman pursued his calling under settled conditions, without let or hindrance of the powers above him. It was in these same years that the copyholders gradually acquired the position of irremovable tenants, paying fixed dues to their lords. The wealth of England at that time is further demonstrated by the cathedrals, abbeys, and churches which were erected by labor that could be spared from the necessary work of supplying the immediate wants of the nation. Flanders was busy, prosperous, and rich because England, and not England alone, had made a great start in social and political development; and the comparatively central position of Flanders in relation to England, France, Burgundy, and the Rhineland, placed immense advantages at the command of its energetic inhabitants. A trading and manufacturing nation finds its highest advantage in the development of its neighbors. A commercial, though scarcely a manufacturing, revival occurred, as I have said, almost simultaneously in the free cities of Italy. There, as in the north, civic freedom was the condition of civic prosperity, though it is, perhaps, more correct to say that both civic freedom and civic prosperity were due to the same qualities of energetic and independent life among their inhabitants. The men whose enterprise led them to enter upon new industries and to carry their commerce to new lands, were led by the same enterprise to withstand the arbitrary power of counts and kings, of emperors and popes. It was by commerce and not by manufactures that the Italian cities rose to greatness, and to extend their commerce they

did what has been the practice of many states since, and cannot be said to be yet extinct — they carried their arms abroad with them, and attempted to conquer the territories whose trade they wished to monopolize. But you know well that the manufacturing greatness of Flanders waned until its manufactures became almost extinct — though in our own days we have witnessed a revival of their activity — and the commerce of Venice and of Genoa in like manner dwindled and passed away. To what must we ascribe the disappearance of what had been so remarkable?

Let us take the case of Flanders. The Flemings had from the first to contend with the jealousies of neighboring kings. Our monarchs were not content to see English wool pass across the sea to be woven into broadcloth, and they diligently sought to attract a sufficient number of Flemings to settle here to teach us the manufacture, after which the exportation of wool was prohibited. Although laws in restraint of trade never made any nation richer, they have made many poorer, and while Edward I. was deceived in thinking that he benefited England, he did undoubtedly injure Flanders. I say he was deceived, because so far as the exportation of wool would have declined by the establishment of weaving here without this law, the law was unnecessary, and so far as it would have continued it was an injury to the producers of wool and the wearers of clothes, in forcing them to use dearer and worse fabrics because they were home-made. Still Bruges prospered. Still its wealth increased. Still the magnificence of its citizens appeared to be augmented, until that great period came which divided Europe between those who clave to the old truth and those who were resolute to accept the new. Is it true that the vice of prosperity had sapped the energy of the Flemish cities? It is certain that in the great struggle between Spain and the Lowlands the richer towns of Flanders made but a feeble resistance, and at last accepted servitude to the Hispano-Austrian race, and their greatness thenceforwards passed from them and became the attribute of the poorer settlements of men of the same breed that were dotted over the half-submerged shores and the barren heaths further north. The Treaty of Westphalia, which established the independence of the United Provinces, was a death-blow to Flanders. The highway of the Scheldt was cut off, the advantages of position of the Flemish cities were destroyed, and the history of the Belgian provinces was a

history of continuous decline, until the re-settlement of the map of Europe after Waterloo opened the way to a new life. We have since seen a resurrection of vitality in Belgium; but it must be observed that it is most doubtful how far this would have been possible, had it not been discovered that there existed in the south of Belgium the conditions favorable to the development of modern industry. The valleys of the Sambre and the Meuse are rich in coal and in iron, and we shall presently see how important are these factors in the industrial life of contemporary nations.

As the Belgian provinces fell, the United Provinces of Holland rose, and those who are disposed to ascribe the industrial supremacy of nations to those qualities of character which secure for them political freedom, may find in Holland a most powerful illustration of their theme. The states of Holland no sooner became free than they became pre-eminent, and by the middle of the seventeenth century they constituted one of the most powerful, as they certainly were the most civilized and the most highly educated, of European communities. It was a most striking proof of the position they had attained, that in the days of our own Commonwealth we should have sent ambassadors to the Netherlands to establish a federation between them and ourselves. Those were the days of De Ruyter and Van Tromp, and glorious as the history of our own navy has since been, we must confess that in the days of De Ruyter and Van Tromp the Dutch flag covered the seas. What we call New York was then New Amsterdam, and though Hudson was of English birth, he had transferred his citizenship to the United Provinces. The Cape of Good Hope became theirs, and the white men of south Africa are still mainly of Dutch descent. They acquired vast possessions in the East, of which Batavia remains theirs. The name of Cape Horn shows that the seaman who named it was a native of the little town of Hoorn, on the Zuyder Zee; and whether we speak of Tasmania or of Van Dieman's Land, we alike commemorate Dutch navigators. But it was not merely as sailors and warriors that the Dutch made themselves famous. In every walk of politics, of literature, of art, and of science they were eminent, and they showed their greatness in the large-minded hospitality they extended to the refugees of all lands. Where Grotius and Spinoza were born Des Cartes and Locke found an asylum, and the books which the jeal-

ousy of the Grand Monarque refused to allow to be printed in France, were given to the world through the presses of Amsterdam and of the Hague. The United Provinces outstripped all rivalry in political growth. A sense of citizenship ran through the whole community, and was manifested not only in the distribution of political privileges, but in the numberless voluntary societies established for the promotion of public objects and the public weal. In this respect Holland is still what it was when Charles II. was an exile in the country, when he saw what led him to declare after his restoration, "I think God will not let the Dutch suffer wrong: they never forget the poor." I have mentioned the name of Grotius, but I must recall it again to remind you that he and a long line of successors in the Provinces were the first to systematize the relations between states in peace or at war, so that he may be called the creator of international law. I need not dwell on Dutch eminence in the practical arts of life, which led Peter the Great to divide his period of self-imposed education between London and Amsterdam. Boerhave and his contemporaries were not less eminent in science, and Leyden remained the medical school of the most ambitious students of England and Scotland down to the beginning of this century. I should tire you if I dilated on the extraordinary vigor of the Dutch school of art. When Rubens was dead and Vandyke was dead, and the glories of Flanders suddenly ceased, and the art of southern Europe showed a melancholy decadence from what had been, there appeared in Holland a perfectly new revelation of genius. It must be admitted that its period was not long — fifty years may be said to cover the space from its origin to its close — nor can I pretend to have mastered the secret of those aloe-like blossomings of nations; but this may be boldly declared of the Dutch school, that in its sincerity, its vigor and its humanity, in its technical power, its strength of design, and its richness of coloring, it may defy the united competition of all the schools of the world.

The greatness of Holland, however, declined, and it will never again attain the relative position it once held. Why did it thus fall away? We must own that its natural advantages were few. The country itself, the base of all Dutch operations, was rescued with difficulty from the sea, and has been preserved from submergence by immense and unceasing exertions. The Provinces were never so much

famous for manufactures as for trade, though the reputation of Dutch sugars, Dutch linen, Dutch paper, and other commodities show the excellence of their work. But in truth the Dutch fetched and carried from all lands, insomuch that though the Provinces never produced corn enough for the food of their own people, Dutch ports were the emporia to which all nations could go with a certainty of finding stocks of grain on sale. How was it that the inhabitants of lands so niggardly endowed by nature became so affluent? Adam Smith may help us to answer this question. It is evident that the author of the "Wealth of Nations" was much impressed by the Dutch character and Dutch institutions, and he speaks of the United Provinces as if he had not suspected that their prosperity was on the way to a decline. He praises the probity of the Dutch character, making the merchants of Holland everywhere trusted. He praises the equality and justice of their laws. He praises the simplicity and good sense of their trade legislation. He declares that in the United Provinces was to be seen a nearer approximation to free trade than could be anywhere else observed. Finally, he ascribes to their republican institutions — by which I understand him to mean the machinery which secured to the people self-government, and discouraged inequalities in the distribution of wealth within families — their political and their commercial eminence. But a commercial people, having in themselves no guarantees of manufacturing supremacy, and depending for their greatness on the maintenance of their trade as the carriers of the world, were necessarily dependent on the continued freedom of their traffic. If they were prevented from resorting to shores to which they had been accustomed to go, their occupation would be gone, and it would be an imperfect recompense to them to remember that the country which refused to trade with them suffered also. Our Navigation Act of 1651 was a great blow to the carrying trade of Holland, as far as regarded ourselves and our colonies; and when in the course of the century that followed we acquired the lordship of larger and larger portions of the world, the trading spheres of the Dutch were in a corresponding degree curtailed. Yet, as we have seen, Adam Smith made no remark on the decline of Dutch commerce; and it was not until the Napoleonic wars, when Holland became first a dependency and then a part of France, that the final blow was suffered. Every

colony was lost and all external trade was destroyed, and Holland experienced a suspension of vitality, the more serious because it happened simultaneously with a change in the conditions of the productions of the leading commodities of commerce, that must of itself have been very injurious to the Dutch supremacy. The Dutch had always been adepts in the art of making air and water perform their work; but the last hundred years have seen more powerful forces harnessed and put to use, and the Dutch had not these forces immediately at command. In the competition thus created they must in any case have found their superiority gradually passing away, and it was their misfortune that the Napoleonic interruption of their life happened at such a time, that when they re-entered the world-field of industry they found rivals established too powerful for their competition.

In the cases we have examined of the movement of national industries, political causes have entered at least as fully as causes purely economical. A manufacture has passed from one country to another because some law or treaty placed the first at a disadvantage in respect of it; or commerce has passed from flag to flag because one nation has proved itself supreme in naval power, and has used its force to seize upon all the open markets of the world and to prohibit the resort of rivals to their harbors. Agriculture has declined or ceased because some lawless invader, so greedy of robbery as to be careless of the destruction of the growing powers of wealth, has stolen from the husbandman the fruits of his toil, and deprived him of all inducement to sow his land by forcing upon his mind the conviction that he would never gather its produce.

I now ask you to accompany me in what I must deem a still more important inquiry — into the movement of centres of industry within the same nation. Political causes must here be wholly eliminated, and if manufactures disappear at one point and appear at another, the shifting of their seat must be due to economic causes alone. I hold this inquiry more important than those which have so far detained us, because I am persuaded that in the future the movement of trade and industry all over the world will be affected by economical causes chiefly if not solely. We have thrown open our commerce to all nations; we admit the manufactures of every country to compete freely with our own; and what we have done will gradually be adopted as the universal practice.

There is a temporary foolish reaction now observable, but it will quickly disappear. If, then, we can trace out the causes why trades and industries move about in England, or between England and those countries which in respect of such trades and industries are on relations of unrestricted commerce with ourselves, we may begin to catch some glimpses how they will move about hereafter in the world. So again observation of the movement of manufactures within the area of the United States — a continent giving an ample area for study — will prepare us for speculations on the courses of the future movement of international trade. Now, as a matter of fact, we know that many industries that once flourished in different parts of the country have disappeared from all but two or three, where, however, they are pushed to an extent far exceeding what had been the aggregate result of so many scattered centres. Other trades seem to be still in a process of transition, that is they are gradually becoming congregated together in particular districts, although zealous attempts are still made to retain them where they have been once planted. Precisely the same phenomena may be observed in the United States, where manufactures have died out in one section of the Union and have grown up in another. Let me refer to an English trade which has been more than once made a subject of discussion. There were once paper-mills found in every part of the kingdom, but they are now much reduced, and are believed to be still declining in number. A great authority some years since attributed the disappearance of paper-mills to the pressure of the excise duties, and anticipated their reappearance with the removal of these duties, but his expectations have not been fulfilled. Again, there were manufactures of china and stoneware at many centres, and Plymouth was one of them. The products of these centres are still valued, and command high prices from purchasers of taste; but they have, with scarcely an exception, disappeared, and nearly the whole of the china manufactures of the country are assembled in Staffordshire. The explanation that every one will give is that the cheapness of the Staffordshire ware defies all competition. This is pre-eminently the case with respect to products of universal consumption, and it is on the articles bought and used by the multitude that manufacturers must depend for support. I remember travelling some years since in Ireland and visiting a gallant attempt to set up a china

manufactory at Belleek. Many of the products were of a very high order of excellence, distinguished, as connoisseurs know, by a peculiar glaze of great richness. But the question of questions was whether the speculation was successful; and in answer to my inquiries the obliging manager declared that in works of art, where the workmanship was by far the greatest part of the cost, he could hold his own against any competitor, but in works produced by thousands and tens of thousands he could not compete with Staffordshire. "You see," he said, "we have no coal near us, and without cheap power we cannot compete in cheap things."

I may refer to another manufacture — the most striking, perhaps, of all in its economical facts. I mean the manufacture of iron. You know that up to the last century there were considerable iron-works in the south of England, and it is still affirmed that the iron produced with the aid of charcoal in the southern counties is the best that has ever been produced in England. There are now no iron-works in Sussex. The great seat of the manufacture is found in Staffordshire. But if you were called upon to name the three districts that have exhibited the most astonishing growth of industry in our time you might fix upon the Merthyr-Tydvil district, Cleveland, and the district of Barrow-in-Furness. In these places, as in Staffordshire, iron and coals are found side by side, and upon them a population has fastened and grown as flies swarm in summer. It takes three tons of coal to produce one ton of iron, and the advantage of having coals on the spot is only too obvious. But now go into any great factory, it matters not what, whether it is for the spinning of cotton or the weaving of carpets, the making of pots and pans or the baking of biscuits. What do we see? We are probably first shown the engine-house outside, where the heart of the whole machine beats in perpetual systole and diastole. Enter, and the movement we saw created without is conducted and distributed by a thousand wheels and rods and cogs, so that some portion of it is found in every corner of the factory turned to some special use. Men, women, and children may watch and feed each part of the action of the whole, but the one power is everywhere manifest, doing all the work with a precision, a certainty, and a despatch that must always excite our admiration. Now there is a law of nature which mathematicians call "the law of least effort," by which is meant that when any-

thing is to be done nature takes the easiest way of doing it. A stone falls; it does not spend itself in vain, lawless, angular movements, but goes straight to the earth to which it is attracted. Water descends a hill by an apparently devious channel, but at each twist the course taken is that which was the easiest at that point. There is the same economy of labor in the growth of plants and the organization of animals, and Mr. Darwin has attributed much of the development and the disappearance of species to their comparative economical advantages and disadvantages.

Man follows, or at all events tries to follow, this law in the satisfaction of his own wants; and when his movements are free as within the limits of the same political society, the conformity of his action to this principle may be closely traced. It is in this way, by a process of selection of which the individuals engaged in it are themselves often unconscious, that industries shift to those spots where they are pursued under conditions admitting the greatest return for the least expenditure of labor. The course of manufactures runs, and cannot help running, along the lines of least resistance. This is a primary law of the internal movement of a free society conceived as an economic machine; and the discovery of the last eighty or a hundred years, that we could harness the power of steam and make it our slave, has been the means of affording the most signal illustration of this law. Cheapness is the easy and simple test of efficiency of labor, and the competition of the products of the steam-driven factory has put other manufacturers out of the market. This is true not merely of making things, but of carrying them, and whether by land or by sea. The more efficient drives away the less efficient mode of accomplishing what we desire. This is a process we may contemplate with almost unmixed satisfaction. If an industry shifts from one spot to another it is because it can be more effectively pursued in the latter, *i.e.*, because it produces commodities more cheaply. The nation is benefited by the transfer; and though there may be a temporary inconvenience suffered in the spot left, and even a diminution of population there, yet the whole population of the nation is sure to increase because the means of supplying the wants of the masses are made easier. Thus we see that some counties in which certain small manufactures formerly flourished, have become almost purely agricultural, and their population shows a tendency to

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diminish; but there is far more than compensating growth elsewhere, and the means of the workman rise with every discovery of a cheaper way of supplying his wants. The standard of living which has risen does not rise higher, because there is not yet established among the *proletariat* the moral sanction of an opinion that the condition of the working-classes depends mainly upon their own self-restraint. It will be seen by those who have followed me that the movements of industry in our time and country follow cheap power and cheap coal, and this may be said of the world, so far as open trade exists in it. England is a centre of industry among nations, as Lancashire and Staffordshire are centres of industry in England, and for the same reasons.

It was with these thoughts in my mind that I said just now of Flanders that it had revived as a centre of industry in this century, while Holland has suffered a change of character. Flanders possesses coal and iron in the valleys of the Sambre and Meuse, and Ghent is again a prosperous manufacturing town. Holland possesses no such advantage, but the inhabitants of the kingdom have turned their attention with immense industry and success to agriculture, and as the furnishers of London and the eastern ports with all kinds of agricultural produce—chiefly cattle, sheep, butter, cheese—they have reaped no small share of our own development. The relations between Holland and England, considered as branches of an economic machine, are precisely the same as the relations between Ireland and England; and if the fallacious legislation of Congress had not interfered to change their character, the relations between this country and the United States would have been of a similar character.

We have thus seen reason to come to the conclusion that in a free society labor congregates at the spots where it can be most efficiently employed, and the freer the society the more certain and speedy is this movement. As the range of international intercourse extends, and the barriers separating people from people are reduced, the distribution of occupations according to this economic law must continue to progress. So far I have dwelt most on manufacturing industry—that by which the raw materials or products in their rudest form are converted into shapes better adapted for human use—and it appeared that this kind of industry tended to settle about the coal and iron centres of a country or of a continent. Something, how-

ever, must be said of agriculture, and of another principle which is of the greatest importance in regulating the distribution of labor. It is obvious that the agriculturist has to go to his land, which he cannot carry with him to the seats of cheap labor. The force cultivating it must be brought to it, and not it to the force. But where trade is free, the same principle of selection is found in operation, though in a different form. The agriculturist resorts to the lands where labor is most liberally rewarded, and if there is any particular produce that does not deteriorate in transmission, and can be carried with tolerable cheapness from world's end to world's end, that produce may be, and often is, raised in the most distant lands and brought to the place of consumption. Wool and corn can be brought, and are brought, from Australia or California or India to supply the English markets. Reflecting upon these things, a question may arise for consideration. We can conceive of a land which is at once extremely promising to the agriculturist and to the manufacturer, and we ask whether it will attract both industries, or if not, how will a selection be made? The answer is, that the law of distribution of labor depends upon the relative and not upon the absolute superiority of certain districts as settlements for labor. Thus, if a country were discovered where the agriculturist could work at double the advantage he had here, while a manufacturer could only increase his productive energy there fifty per cent, the free course of industry would deliver the country over to agriculture and would leave manufactures to their former seats. This would, at all events, be the movement at first, and it would continue as long as the relative superiority of agricultural industry was maintained. Thus, if there existed between the United States and ourselves a perfectly free and open trade, a distribution of industry unfettered by tariffs and by national jealousies, we should be, speaking roughly, the manufacturing member and the United States the agricultural member of the partnership; and so it would continue until there was an approximation to efficiency of agricultural labor in the two countries, or an approximation to the efficiency of manufacturing labor. When either condition was reached, the movement of that particular labor would be suspended, and if the relative efficiency became reversed, the tide of labor would be reversed also. It would thus appear that for the present every development of freedom would tend to make us more and

more the manufacturing centre of the industrial world, but this position depends, and would continue to depend, mainly upon the fact that we have at our command accessible stores of coal, giving us advantages that no other country enjoys. This statement of the case, of course, provokes the inquiry whether there must not necessarily be an end of the supremacy which rests upon transitory conditions. Producers have fastened upon our coal-fields because they afford the cheapest force known to producers. When these fields have been so worked that the conditions of extracting the stores of force from them become harder, and the extracted force declines in cheapness, will not producers, following the law that has hitherto governed them, move to other fields that will then rival ours in attractiveness? This is a question not to be shirked. We might laugh it off, as relating to a distant future. We might ask whether there is not a still more weighty question underlying it, and that is, What will happen to the human race after it has used up the force accumulated in distant ages in coal-fields, and is thrown back on what may be called the current supply of daily life? This last question does indeed relate to a future that may be left to take care of itself; but my friend Professor Jevons has shown with convincing arguments that many among the present generation may live to feel the pressure of the gradually increasing difficulty of obtaining coal force. Indeed we have felt, we are feeling it already. In this neighborhood we ought to find no difficulty in understanding the process, for we have seen something akin to it happen within a generation. The next county—my own county—was famous for the production of copper and tin. "Copper, tin, and fish," was the old toast supposed to sum up the sources of its prosperity. What has become of the Cornish production of copper? It has dwindled away until it has almost disappeared. This has not happened because copper could not be got from the mines of Cornwall. There is still copper in them, but the cost of raising it exceeds the return it would fetch in the market. Richer deposits have been discovered elsewhere; and, as will be admitted on reflection, the same results would follow whether these deposits were naturally richer than any found in Cornwall, or whether the most productive mines of the next county have been worked down below the level of productiveness of mines elsewhere. In one way or the other the cost of bringing copper to market from

broad is less than the cost of bringing it from Cornwall, and the consequence is that our wants are supplied from the lake shores of North America, from South Australia, from Cuba, and from Chili, while Cornwall is deserted. Something of the same process must be recognized as in action in respect of tin. With many breaks of the movement, and at times an apparent reversal of it, we must still note that the proportion of tin brought from abroad is continuously increasing, and the proportion brought from Cornwall declining. The simple primary statement is that tin-mining does not pay in the west; but it has ceased to pay because tin can be obtained at a less cost elsewhere, and the market price has declined in a corresponding proportion. Take another metal—gold. Before the discoveries in California and Australia our supplies were in a large measure drawn from the Ural Mountains, and some small contributions were brought from the valley of the Rhine. No gold is now found along the Rhine, and the supply from Ural mines has been gradually diminished—results not only interesting as illustrative of the general argument on which we are engaged, but valuable as affording an absolute proof of the much-contested position that gold has declined in value since the gold discoveries.

These illustrations are at least valuable as confirming the possibility of a gradual abandonment of an extactive industry in particular country, because in the progress of its development there the difficulties of pursuing it become greater, and its efficiency less than in some other lands. This must happen with respect to the winning of coal. We must not be content with soft words in this matter. The thirty millions and more of people living in the United Kingdom do not find their food within these islands. If the wall of brass were erected which Bishop Berkeley suggested, so that we became insulated from the rest of the world, we should speedily be reduced to starvation; nor would the result be different even though sufficient notice were given of the change to enable producers to turn from working for an export trade to working for home consumption. Our population has grown up because we, of all nations of the world, have at our command the accumulated power of ages, which mechanical science has taught us to make our slave. Upon these rich deposits we have fastened. We have brought from other nations their raw products—from the United States their cotton, wool from Australia, metallic ores

from all parts of the earth, and have applied our store of force to convert these imports into the forms suitable to the use of man, and have re-exported the result even to the countries from which the first material came, receiving in exchange all commodities, food being foremost among them, which supply the necessities or enhance the comforts of life. We have done more than this. With lavish freedom we have parted to other nations, and still freely part to them, of the stores of force which are our peculiar inheritance, and have not stopped to inquire whether we saved or spent what we received for the capital thus dispensed. And the process I have described has gone on increasing in every direction. The instinct of vitality is certainly not less strong in England than elsewhere. If there is an opportunity of living, it will not be lost for want of beings to live. Agents multiply on agents. Industry is added to industry. The individual may work blindly on, unconscious of the part he plays in the community composed of himself and his fellows; but the action of the whole is as obedient to law as the motion of the globules of water that make up the tides of the ocean. We have therefore no difficulty in understanding that development of our consumption of coal in geometric progression which statistics reveal to us. In this and no other way under a system of unfettered freedom must our industries multiply, until the increasing difficulty of obtaining our motive-power so enhances the cost of the commodities we produce, that our customers can no longer offer an adequate recompense for this production, or until the conditions of development of one or more other nations enable them to use their reserved stores of power so as to underbid us. Both these things may come together. At the time that we are compelled to enhance our prices to make up for the increased cost of getting coal, the United States may be enabled to put their commodities in the market at cheaper rates than we had been accustomed to receive; and if these phenomena do not happen together, no long interval will separate them.\*

It must not be supposed that there will be a sudden cessation of coal-winning among us, and of the giant industries built up upon the supply of force that our coal-measures have afforded. Every mine is not equally profitable here. Every deposit of coal is not equally rich or equally accessible in the valley of the Ohio. Mines may be gradually closed here and opened elsewhere. Remember the examples of copper and of tin, in which we may see an exact foreshadowing of what may be expected. But the industries we contemplate as threatened are so much vaster than those that have disappeared, that the comparative noiselessness of the change we have witnessed must not mislead us into a false security. Most Cornishmen are proud of their name. I confess I have never felt so much pride in my native county as in watching the noble endurance and nobler courage its working miners have shown in accepting the consequences of the changed conditions of their industry. There has been no spirit of discontent, no murmuring against the law, no cries to government or legislature for help. No. If mining has ceased to be profitable in Cornwall, it is not because human beings have ceased to use metals, but because the metals they require can be more easily obtained elsewhere; and to these more lucrative fields the miners of Cornwall have betaken themselves. The love of home has been overcome, and a voluntary emigration has been the solution of the difficulty. The strain of the transformation has been severe, but we must admit that it has been mitigated. Although the principal industry of the adjoining county has thus suffered, the nation has been pursuing a career of unexampled growth, and the subsidiary industries of Cornwall have been developed along with the development of the nation. As an agricultural community, especially in the production of early vegetables, and as a purveyor of fish, the county has prospered, and it has also become one of the recognized wandering-places of the holiday-makers of the rest of the island. But in contemplating the migration of the great industries of the na-

\* I extract the following from the admirable "Notes of a Tour in America," recently published by Mr. Hussey Vivian. (See p. 250.) "So far as I was able to judge, America possesses every principal mineral, except tin, in great abundance. Her coal-fields are gigantic. The quality appeared to me to be excellent, and the price at which it is sold to the Pittsburg works proves that it is cheaply got. There are, in fact, few parts of England where coal of like quality can be produced at this moment at so cheap a rate. The cost and quality of coal is the basis of almost every manufacturing industry, and I cannot see, therefore, what is to

prevent America from becoming, not only entirely self-supporting in all branches of manufacture, but also a largely exporting country, if only frail men will leave nature's laws to have their free sway.

"America possesses iron ores of the finest steel-making qualities, and in vast abundance. That she will ever again depend on England for iron or steel seems to me impossible." It will be remembered that in his speeches in the House of Commons on the French treaty, and subsequently as a member of the royal commission appointed to inquire into our coal-supplies, Mr. Vivian took a favorable view of their durability.

tion, we cannot reckon upon all these compensations. Our country will, without doubt, be always a place of pilgrimage for civilized nations; but if it is destined to become again a land mainly devoted to agriculture, we cannot believe that the pursuits of agriculture would maintain the population it now supports. Men and women must follow the means of life, and as our skies become clear our great manufacturing centres will dwindle, and black valleys, now resonant with the clang of hammers and the murmurs of innumerable wheels, may become green solitudes, where silence is broken only by the sound of a babbling brook.

But it will be said these changes are far off, if, indeed, they will ever be realized; and we may well believe that long before they become imminent some new source of power will have been discovered, or, at least, we shall have learnt to economize the use of our fuel so as to preserve its advantages for distant generations. As to these changes being far away, I reply, we have already had a first experience and a first warning of them. The coal famine of five years since was a proof that the rush of development of our industries had trenched upon our accessible reserves of coal, and was compelling us to raise it under more difficult conditions. There was an immediate reaction, for the manufactures which could be profitably maintained with coal at its original rates became unremunerative at a higher cost of this factor of our industry; and the demand fell away, nor has it yet been recovered. I have no doubt it will return; there are signs that it would soon return were the political relations of the world secure; but it is precisely in this mode of gush and check that the cessation and migration of industries come to pass, and what we have experienced is an example of what may be apprehended.

I should be very slow to deny the possibility of some new source of power being discovered, but none has yet been suggested that appears feasible; and it must be remarked with reference to all such substitutes that they would be as common to the whole world as to ourselves, and we should not enjoy in respect of them the peculiar advantages upon which our supremacy depends. The suggestion that the difficulties of the future may be overcome by greater economy in the use of coal satisfies many minds, but this, too, will scarcely stand the tests of examination. If by economy is meant that one ton of coal may be made to do the work that two tons

now accomplish, the result will be that the conditions of industry would be made easier, the wants of man satisfied with less exertion, and there would at once follow an accelerated development of our manufacturing system till the former checks of difficulty and cost were again felt pressing upon us. Conceive what would happen if, for every ton of coal that we now raise, we could raise with the same effort two, through some miraculous doubling of the riches of our coal-measures. The life of the whole community would at once become less burdensome; the mass of life in being would rapidly increase; dormant wants would be awakened; old industries would be multiplied; new industries would spring into existence. What has been witnessed during the last eighty to a hundred years would be witnessed again, though with some novelty of form. But to make one ton of coal do as much work as two is as good, or even better, than finding two tons where we found one. We should get what we are seeking after — the same multiplication of force — and in a less bulk.

It is plain, then, that in such economy is not to be found a mode of escape from our future difficulties. The pressure of these trials could be mitigated in one way only, and it is perhaps true that that way may be indicated by theory, but could not be followed in practice. It is just possible that the tendency of the consumption of coal to increase could be repressed by arbitrary measures, which would keep the development of our industrial organization within narrower limits. The dimensions of the problem of the future would thus be diminished, and the severity of its experiences might be softened by the gradual relaxation of the suggested measures. An export duty on coal has been often suggested, and a duty at the pit's mouth would be a still more stringent measure. Such an impost would put all our industries under restraint; but this would be its intention and its justification. What is wanted is, that the dangerous expansion of national industry should be kept under. A drag on our industrial progress would be a drag on the multiplication of the population, and obedience to the necessity of a future diminution would be less difficult. If the produce of such a tax as has been suggested were devoted to the redemption of the national debt, another advantage gained would be that the pressure of taxation on our industries would be reduced just as the pressure of the increasing difficulties of finding coal would be felt, and

the removal of the tax would then become another relief to the producer. But while I have the courage to mention this tax, I know the strong objections that would be urged against it, and I do not suppose that any financier will ever propose it to the legislature. If we dismiss this and all similar imposts as inadmissible, there will then remain no means of breaking the force of the trials of the future, except that of instructing the nation to look forward to them with a mind to understand their nature and a courage to accept the consequences they enforce. Such instruction is surely much to be desired. I do not know that the bonds of citizenship uniting the members of a community together in a peaceful and ordered society could be exposed to greater perils than are involved in the gradual decay of the conditions on which the industrial organization of the society has been framed, and through which its numbers have multiplied. The throes of such a change are so terrible that they cannot be contemplated without the most serious forebodings. Who can expect masses of men to submit without a struggle to the truth that their labor has ceased to become profitable in the scene where they have been accustomed to pursue it; and that they must expatriate themselves if, like their fathers before them, they would found households of their own, and dying leave their children to occupy their places in the family of man? There must be much resistance, manifold recriminations, struggles, and contentions. I trust that the spirit of wisdom may prevail to lead this ancient nation of ours through the trials that are in store for it; and I say this the more fervently because I cannot disguise from myself the conviction that this century can scarcely pass away without some of them being experienced.

LEONARD COURTNEY.

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SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"  
ETC.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

DAUR STREET.

ONE bright afternoon, towards the close of the autumn, the sun shining straight down one of the wide clean stony streets of the city, with a warmth which he had not

been able to impart to the air, a company of school-girls, two and two in long file, mostly with innocent, and, for human beings, rather uninteresting faces, was walking in orderly manner, a female grenadier at its head, along the pavement, more than usually composed, from having the sun in their eyes. Amongst the faces was one very different from the rest, a countenance almost solemn and a little sad, of still, regular features, in the eyes of which by loving eyes might have been read uneasy thought patiently carried, and the lack of some essential to conscious well-being. The other girls were looking on this side and that, eager to catch sight of anything to trouble the monotony of the daily walk; but the eyes of this one were cast down, except when occasionally lifted in answer to words of the schoolmistress, the grenadier, by whose side she was walking. They were lovely brown eyes, trustful and sweet, and although, as I have said, a little sad, they never rose, even in reply to the commonest remark, without shining a little. Though younger than not a few of them, and very plainly dressed, like all the others—I have a suspicion that Scotch mothers dress their girls rather too plainly, which tends to the growth of an undue and degrading *love of dress*—she was not so girlish, was indeed, in some respects, more of a young woman than even the governess who walked by the side of them.

Suddenly came a rush, a confusion, a fluttering of the doves, whence or how none seemed to know, a gentle shriek from several of the girls, a general sense of question and no answer; but, as their ruffled nerves composed themselves a little, there was the vision of the schoolmistress poking the point of her parasol at a heedless face, radiant with smiles, that of an odd-looking lad, as they thought, who had got hold of one of the daintily gloved hands of her companion, laid a hand which, considered conventionally, was not that of a gentleman, upon her shoulder, and stood without a word, gazing in rapturous delight.

"Go away, boy! What do you mean by such impertinence?" cried the outraged Miss Kimble, changing her thrust, and poking in his chest the parasol with which she had found it impossible actually to assail his smiling countenance.—Such a strange-looking creature! He could not be in his sound senses, she thought. In the momentary meantime, however, she had failed to observe that, after the first start and following tremor, her companion stood quite still, and was now looking in

the lad's face with roseate cheeks and tear-filled eyes, apparently forgetting to draw her hand from his, or to move her shoulder from under his caress. The next moment, up, with hasty yet dignified step, came the familiar form of their own minister, the Rev. Clement Sclater, who with reproof in his countenance, which was red with annoyance and haste, laid his hands on the lad's shoulders to draw him from the prey on which he had pounced.

"Remember, you are not on a hillside, but in a respectable street," said the reverend gentleman, a little foolishly.

The youth turned his head over his shoulder, not otherwise changing his attitude, and looked at him with some bewilderment. Then, not he, but the young lady spoke.

"Gibbie and I are old friends," she said, and reaching up laid her free hand in turn on his shoulder, as if to protect him—for, needlessly with such grace and strength before her, the vision of an old horror came rushing back on the mind of Ginevra.

Gibbie had darted from his companion's side some hundred yards off. The cap which Mr. Sclater had insisted on his wearing, had fallen as he ran, and he had never missed it; his hair stood out on all sides of his head, and the sun behind him shone in it like a glory, just as when first he appeared to Ginevra in the peat-moss, like an angel standing over her. Indeed, while to Miss Kimble and the girls he was "*a mad-like object*" in his awkward ill-fitting clothes, made by a village tailor in the height of the village fashion, to Ginevra he looked hardly less angelic now than he did then. His appearance, judged without prejudice, was rather that of a sailor boy on shore than a shepherd boy from the hills.

"Miss Galbraith!" said Miss Kimble, in the tone that indicates nostrils distended, "I am astonished at you! What an example to the school! I never knew you misbehave yourself before! Take your hand from this—this—very strange-looking person's shoulder directly."

Ginevra obeyed, but Gibbie stood as before.

"Remove your hand, boy, instantly," cried Miss Kimble, growing more and more angry, and began knocking the hand on the girl's shoulder with her parasol, which apparently Gibbie took for a joke, for he laughed aloud.

"Pray do not alarm yourself, ma'am," said Mr. Sclater, slowly recovering his breath: he was not yet quite sure of Gib-

bie, or confident how best he was to be managed; "this young—gentleman is Sir Gilbert Galbraith, my ward.—Sir Gilbert, this lady is Miss Kimble. You must have known her father well—the Rev. Matthew Kimble of the next parish to your own?"

Gibbie smiled. He did not nod, for that would have meant that he did know him, and he did not remember having ever even heard the name of the Rev. Matthew Kimble.

"Oh!" said the lady, who had ceased her battery, and stood bewildered and embarrassed—the more that by this time the girls had all gathered round, staring and wondering.

Ginevra's eyes too had filled with wonder; she cast them down, and a strange smile began to play about her sweet strong mouth. All at once she was in the middle of a fairy tale, and had not a notion what was coming next. Her dumb shepherd boy a baronet!—and, more wonderful still, a Galbraith! She must be dreaming in the wide street! The last she had seen of him was as he was driven from the house by her father, when he had just saved her life. That was but a few weeks ago, and here he was, called Sir Gilbert Galbraith! It was a delicious bit of wonderment.

"Oh!" said Miss Kimble a second time, recovering herself a little, "I see! A relative, Miss Galbraith! I did not understand. That of course sets everything right—at least—even then—the open street, you know!—*You* will understand, Mr. Sclater.—I beg your pardon, Sir Gilbert. I hope I did not hurt you with my parasol!"

Gibbie again laughed aloud.

"Thank you," said Miss Kimble confused, and annoyed with herself for being so, especially before her girls. "I should be sorry to have hurt you.—Going to college, I presume, Sir Gilbert?"

Gibbie looked at Mr. Sclater.

"He is going to study with me for a while first," answered the minister.

"I am glad to hear it. He could not do better," said Miss Kimble. "Come, girls."

And with friendly farewells, she moved on, her train after her, thinking with herself what a boor the young fellow was—the young—baronet?—Yes, he must be a baronet; he was too young to have been knighted already. But where ever could he have been brought up?

Mr. Sclater had behaved judiciously, and taken gentle pains to satisfy the old couple that they must part with Gibbie.

One of the neighboring clergy knew Mr. Sclater well, and with him paid the old people a visit, to help them to dismiss any lingering doubt that he was the boy's guardian legally appointed. To their own common sense indeed it became plain that, except some such story was true, there could be nothing to induce him to come after Gibbie, or desire to take charge of the outcast; but they did not feel thoroughly satisfied until Mr. Sclater brought Fergus Duff to the cottage, to testify to him as being what he pretended. It was a sore trial, but amongst the griefs of losing him, no fear of his forgetting them was included. Mr. Sclater's main difficulty was with Gibbie himself. At first he laughed at the absurdity of his going away from his father and mother and the sheep. They told him he was Sir Gilbert Galbraith. He answered on his slate, as well as by signs which Janet at least understood perfectly, that he had told them so, and had been so all the time, "and what differ dos that mak?" he added. Mr. Sclater told him he was — or would be, at least, he took care to add, when he came of age — a rich man as well as a baronet.

"Wricht men," wrote Gibbie, "dee as they like, and Ise bide."

Mr. Sclater told him it was only poor boys who could do as they pleased, for the law looked after boys like him, so that, when it came into their hands, they might be capable of using their money properly. Almost persuaded at length that he had no choice, that he could no longer be his own master, until he was one and twenty, he turned and looked at Janet, his eyes brimful of tears. She gave him a little nod. He rose and went out, climbed the crest of Glashgar, and did not return to the cottage till midnight.

In the morning appeared on his countenance signs of unusual resolve. Amid the many thoughts he had had the night before, had come the question what he would do with the money when he had it — first of all what he *could* do for Janet and Robert and every one of their family; and naturally enough to a Scotch boy, the first thing that occurred to him was, to give Donal money to go to college like Fergus Duff. In that he knew he made no mistake. It was not so easy to think of things for the rest, but that was safe. Had not Donal said twenty times he would not mind being a herd all his life, if only he could go to college first? But then he began to think what a long time it was before he would be one and twenty, and what a number of things might come

and go before then: Donal might by that time have a wife and children, and he could not leave them to go to college! Why should not Mr. Sclater manage somehow that Donal should go at once? It was now the end almost of October, and the college opened in November. Some other rich person would lend them the money, and he would pay it, with compound interest, when he got his. Before he went to bed, he got his slate and wrote as follows:

"my dear minister, If you will teak Donal too, and lett him go to the kolledg, I will go with you as sees ye like; butt if ye will not, I will runn away."

When Mr. Sclater, who had a bed at the gamekeeper's, appeared the next morning, anxious to conclude the business, and get things in motion for their departure, Gibbie handed him the slate the moment he entered the cottage, and while he read, stood watching him.

Now Mr. Sclater was a prudent man, and always looked ahead, therefore apparently took a long time to read Gibbie's very clear although unscholarly communication: before answering it, he must settle the probability of what Mrs. Sclater would think of the proposal to take *two* savages into her house together, where also doubtless the presence of this Donal would greatly interfere with the process of making a gentleman of Gibbie. Unable to satisfy himself, he raised his head at length, unconsciously shaking it as he did so. That instant Gibbie was out of the house. Mr. Sclater, perceiving the blunder he had made, hurried after him, but he was already out of sight. Returning in some dismay, he handed the slate to Janet, who, with sad, resigned countenance, was *baking*. She rubbed the oatmeal dough from her hands, took the slate, and read with a smile.

"Ye maunna tak Gibbie for a young cowt, Maister Sclater, an' think to brak him in," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "or ye'll ha'e to learn yer mistak. There's no eneuch o' himself in him for ye to get a grip o' m by that han'le. He aye kens what he wad hae, an' he'll aye get it, as sure's it'll aye be richt. As aent Donal, Donal's my ain, an' I s' say naething. Sit ye doon, sir; ye'll no see Gibbie the day again."

"Is there no means of getting at him, my good woman?" said Mr. Sclater, miserable at the prospect of a day utterly wasted.

"I cud gie ye sicht o' m, I daursay, but what better wad ye be for that? Gien ye

hed a' the lawyers o' Embrough at yer back, ye wadna touch Gibbie upo' Glashgar."

"But you could persuade him, I am sure, Mistress Grant. You have only to call him in your own way, and he will come at once."

"What wad ye hae me perswaud him till, sir? To onything 'at's richt, Gibbie wants nae perswaudin'; an' for this 'at's 'between ye, the laddies are jist verra brithers, an' I hae no richt to interfere wi' what the tane wad for the tither, the thing seemin' to me rizion eneuch."

"What sort of lad is this son of yours? The boy seems much attached to him!"

"He's a laddie 'at's been gien ower till's buik sin' ever I learnt him to read myself," Janet answered. "But he'll be here the nicht, I'm thinkin', to see the last o' puir Gibbie, an' ye can jeedge for yersel'."

It required but a brief examination of Donal to satisfy Mr. Sclater that he was more than prepared for the university. But I fear me greatly the time is at hand when such as Donal will no more be able to enter her courts. Unwise and unpatriotic are any who would rather have a few prime scholars sitting about the wells of learning, than see those fountains flow freely for the poor, who are yet the strength of a country. It is better to have many upon the high road of learning, than a few even at its goal, if that were possible.

As to Donal's going to Mr. Sclater's house, Janet soon relieved him.

"Na, na, sir," she said; "it wad be to learn w'y's 'at wadna be fittin' a puir lad like him."

"It would be much safer for him," said Mr. Sclater, but incidentally.

"Gien I cudna lippen my Donal till's ain company an' the hunger for better, I wad begin to doobt wha made the warl'," said his mother; and Donal's face flushed with pleasure at her confidence. "Na, he maun get a garret roomie some gait i' the toon, an' there haud till's buik; an' ye'll lat Gibbie gang an' see him whiles whan he can be spared. There maun be mony a dacent widow wuman 'at wad be pleased to tak him in."

Mr. Sclater seemed to himself to foresee no little trouble in his new responsibility, but consoled himself that he would have more money at his command, and in the end would sit, as it were, at the fountain-head of large wealth. Already, with his wife's property, he was a man of consideration; but he had a great respect for money, and much overrated its value as a means of doing even what he called good: religious people generally do — with a most

unchristian dullness. We are not told that the Master made the smallest use of money for his end. When he paid the temple-rate, he did it to avoid giving offence; and he defended the woman who divinely wasted it. Ten times more grace and magnanimity would be needed, wisely and lovingly to avoid making a fortune, than it takes to spend one for what are called good objects when it is made.

When they met Miss Kimble and her "young ladies," they were on their way from the coach-office to the minister's house in Daur Street. Gibbie knew every corner, and strange was the swift variety of thoughts and sensations that went filing through his mind. Up this same street he had tended the wavering steps of a well-known if not highly respected town-councillor! that was the door, where, one cold morning of winter, the cook gave him a cup of hot coffee and a roll! What happy days they were, with their hunger and adventure! There had always been food and warmth about the city, and he had come in for his share! The Master was in its streets as certainly as on the rocks of Glashgar. Not one sheep did he lose sight of, though he could not do so much for those that would not follow, and had to have the dog sent after them!

## CHAPTER II.

### MRS. SCLATER.

GIBBIE was in a dream of mingled past and future delights, when his conductor stopped at a large and important-looking house, with a flight of granite steps up to the door. Gibbie had never been inside such a house in his life, but when they entered, he was not much impressed. He did look with a little surprise, it is true, but it was down, not up: he felt his feet walking soft, and wondered for a moment that there should be a field of grass in a house. Then he gave a glance round, thought it was a big place, and followed Mr. Sclater up the stair with the free mounting step of the Glashgar shepherd. Forgetful and unconscious, he walked into the drawing-room with his bonnet on his head. Mrs. Sclater rose when they entered, and he approached her with a smile of welcome to the house which he carried, always full of guests, in his bosom. He never thought of looking to her to welcome him. She shook hands with him in a doubtful kind of way.

"How do you do, Sir Gilbert?" she said. "Only ladies are allowed to wear their caps in the drawing-room, you know,"

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she added, in a tone of courteous and half rallying rebuke, speaking from a flowery height of conscious superiority.

What she meant by the drawing-room, Gibbie had not an idea. He looked at her head, and saw no cap; she had nothing upon it but a quantity of beautiful black hair; then suddenly remembered his bonnet; he knew well enough bonnets had to be taken off in house or cottage: he had never done so because he never had worn a bonnet. But it was with a smile of amusement only that he now took it off. He was so free from selfishness that he knew nothing of shame. Never a shadow of blush at his bad manners tinged his cheek. He put the cap in his pocket, and catching sight of a footstool by the corner of the chimney-piece, was so strongly reminded of his creepie by the cottage-hearth, which, big lad as he now was, he had still haunted, that he went at once and seated himself upon it. From this coign of vantage he looked round the room with a gentle curiosity, casting a glance of pleasure every now and then at Mrs. Sclater, to whom her husband, in a manner somewhat constrained because of his presence, was recounting some of the incidents of his journey, making choice, after the manner of many, of the most commonplace and uninteresting.

Gibbie had not been educated in the relative grandeur of things of this world, and he regarded the things he now saw just as things, without the smallest notion of any power in them to confer superiority by being possessed: can a slave knight his master? The reverend but poor Mr. Sclater was not above the foolish consciousness of importance accruing from the refined adjuncts of a more needy corporeal existence; his wife would have felt out of her proper sphere had she ceased to see them around her, and would have lost some of her *aplomb*; but the divine idiot Gibbie was incapable even of the notion that they mattered a straw to the life of any man. Indeed, to compare man with man was no habit of his; hence it cannot be wonderful that stone hearth and steel grate, clay floor and Brussels carpet were much the same to him. Man was the one sacred thing. Gibbie's unconscious creed was a powerful leveller, but it was a leveller up, not down. The heart that revered the beggar could afford to be incapable of homage to position. His was not one of those contemptible natures which have no reverence because they have no aspiration, which think themselves fine because they acknowledge nothing supe-

rior to their own essential baseness. To Gibbie every man was better than himself. It was for him a sudden and strange descent—from the region of poetry and closest intercourse with the strong and gracious and vital simplicities of Nature, human and other, to the rich common-places, amongst them not a few fashionable vulgarities, of an ordinary well appointed house, and ordinary well appointed people; but, however bedizened, humanity was there; and he who does not love human more than other nature, has not life in himself, does not carry his poetry in him, as Gibbie did, therefore cannot find it except where it has been shown to him. Neither was a common house like this by any means devoid of things to please him. If there was not the lovely homeliness of the cottage which at once gave all it had, there was a certain stateliness which afforded its own reception; if there was little harmony, there were individual colors that afforded him delight—as for instance, afterwards, the crimson covering the walls of the dining room, whose color was of that soft deep-penetrable character which a flock paper alone can carry. Then there were pictures, bad enough most of them, no doubt, in the eyes of the critic, but endlessly suggestive, therefore endlessly delightful to Gibbie. It is not the man who knows most about Nature that is hardest to please, however he may be hardest to satisfy, with the attempt to follow her. The accomplished poet will derive pleasure from verses which are a mockery to the soul of the unhappy mortal whose business is judgment—the most thankless of all labors, and justly so. Certain fruits one is unable to like until he has eaten them in their perfection; after that, the reminder in them of the perfect will enable him to enjoy even the inferior a little, recognizing their kind—always provided he be not one given to judgment—a connoisseur, that is one who cares less for the truth than for the knowing comparison of one embodiment of it with another. Gibbie's regard then, as it wandered round the room, lighting on this color, and that texture, in curtain, or carpet, or worked screen, found interest and pleasure. Amidst the mere upholstery of houses and hearts, amidst the common life of the common crowd, he was, and had to be, what he had learned to be amongst the nobility and in the palace of Glashgar.

Mrs. Sclater, late Mrs. Bonniman, was the widow of a merchant who had made his money in foreign trade, and to her house Mr. Sclater had *flitted* when he

married her. She was a well-bred woman, much the superior of her second husband in the small duties and graces of social life, and, already a sufferer in some of his not very serious *grossièretés*, regarded with no small apprehension the arrival of one in whom she expected the same kind of thing in largely exaggerated degree. She did not much care to play the mother to a bear-cub, she said to her friends with a good-humored laugh. "Just think," she added, "with such a childhood as the poor boy had, what a mass of vulgarity must be lying in that uncultivated brain of his! It is no small mercy, as Mr. Sclater says, that our ears at least are safe. Poor boy!" — She was a woman of about forty, rather tall, of good complexion tending to the ruddy, with black smooth shining hair parted over a white forehead, black eyes, nose a little aquiline, good mouth and fine white teeth — altogether a handsome woman — some notion of whose style may be gathered from the fact that, upon the testimony of her cheval glass, she preferred satin to the richest of silks, and almost always wore it. Now and then she would attempt a change, but was always defeated and driven back into satin. She was precise in her personal rules, but not stiff in the manners wherein she embodied them: these were indeed just a little florid and wavy, a trifle profuse in their grace. She kept an excellent table, and every appointment about the house was *in good style* — a favorite phrase with her. She was her own housekeeper, an exact mistress, but considerate, so that her servants had no bad time of it. She was sensible, kind, always responsive to appeal, had scarcely a thread of poetry or art in her upper texture, loved fair play, was seldom in the wrong, and never confessed it when she was. But when she saw it, she took some pains to avoid being so in a similar way again. She held hard by her own opinion; was capable of a mild admiration of truth and righteousness in another; had one or two pet commandments to which she paid more attention than to the rest; was a safe member of society, never carrying tales; was kind with condescension to the poor, and altogether a good wife for a minister of Mr. Sclater's sort. She knew how to hold her own with any who would have established superiority. A little more coldness, pride, indifference, and careless restraint, with just a touch of rudeness, would have given her the freedom of the best society, if she could have got into it. Altogether it would not have been easy to find one who could do more for Gibbie in

respect of the social *rapports* that seemed to await him. Even some who would gladly themselves have undertaken the task, admitted that he might have fallen into much less qualified hands. Her husband was confident that, if anybody could, his wife would make a gentleman of Sir Gilbert; and he ought to know, for she had done a good deal of polishing upon him.

She was now seated on a low chair at the other side of the fire, leaning back at a large angle, slowly contemplating out of her black eyes the lad on the footstool, whose blue eyes she saw wandering about the room, in a manner neither vague nor unintelligent, but showing more of interest than of either surprise or admiration. Suddenly he turned them full upon her; they met hers, and the light rushed into them like a torrent, breaking forth after its way into a soulful smile. I hope my readers are not tired of the mention of Gibbie's smiles: I can hardly avoid it; they were all Gibbie had for the small coin of intercourse; and if my readers care to be just, they will please to remember that they have been spared many a *he said and she said*. Unhappily for me there is no way of giving the delicate difference of those smiles. Much of what Gibbie perhaps felt the more that he could not say it, had got into the place where the smiles are made, and like a variety of pollens, had impregnated them with all shades and colors of expression, whose varied significance those who had known him longest, dividing and distinguishing, had gone far towards being able to interpret. In that which now shone on Mrs. Sclater, there was something, she said the next day to a friend, which no woman could resist, and which must come of his gentle blood. If she could have seen a few of his later ancestors at least, she would have doubted if they had anything to do with that smile beyond its mere transmission from "the first stock-father of gentleness." She responded, and from that moment the lady and the shepherd lad were friends.

Now that a real introduction had taken place between them, and in her answering smile Gibbie had met the lady herself, he proceeded, in most natural sequence, without the smallest shyness or suspicion of rudeness, to make himself acquainted with the phenomena presenting her. As he would have gazed upon a rainbow, trying perhaps to distinguish the undistinguishable in the meeting and parting of its colors, only that here behind was the all-powerful love of his own, he began to examine

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the lady's face and form, dwelling and contemplating with eyes innocent as any baby's. This lasted; but did not last long before it began to produce in the lady a certain uncertain embarrassment, a something she did not quite understand, therefore could not account for, and did not like. Why should she mind eyes such as those making acquaintance with what a whole congregation might see any Sunday at church, or for that matter, the whole city on Monday, if it pleased to look upon her as she walked shopping in Pearl Street? Why indeed? Yet she began to grow restless, and feel as if she wanted to let down her veil. She could have risen and left the room, but she had "no notion" of being thus put to flight by her bear-cub; she was ashamed that a woman of her age and experience should be so foolish; and besides, she wanted to come to an understanding with herself as to what herself meant by it. She did not feel that the boy was rude; she was not angry with him as with one taking a liberty; yet she did wish he would not look at her like that; and presently she was relieved.

Her hands, which had been lying all the time in her lap, white upon black, had at length drawn and fixed Gibbie's attention. They were very lady-like hands, long-fingered, and with the orthodox long-oval nails, each with a quarter segment of a pale rising moon at the root — hands nearly faultless, and, I suspect, considered by their owner entirely such — but a really faultless hand, who has ever seen? — To Gibbie's eyes they were such beautiful things, that, after a moment or two spent in regarding them across the length of the hairy hearthrug, he got up, took his footstool, crossed it with it to the other side of the fire, set it down by Mrs. Sclater, and reseated himself. Without moving more than her fine neck, she looked down on him curiously, wondering what would come next; and what did come next was, that he laid one of his hands on one of those that lay in the satin lap; then, struck with the contrast between them, burst out laughing. But he neither withdrew his hand, nor showed the least shame of the hard, brown, tarry-seamed, strong, though rather small prehensile member, with its worn and blackened nails, but let it calmly remain outspread, side by side with the white, shapely, spotless, gracious and graceful thing, adorned, in sign of the honor it possessed in being the hand of Mrs. Sclater, — it was her favorite hand — with a half-hoop of fine blue-green turkises, and a

limpid activity of many diamonds. She laughed also — who could have helped it? that laugh would have set silver bells ringing in responsive sympathy! — and patted the lumpy thing which, odd as the fact might be, was also called a hand, with short little pecking pats: she did not altogether like touching so painful a degeneracy from the ideal. But his very evident admiration of hers, went far to reconcile her to his, — as was but right, seeing a man's admirations go farther to denote him truly, than the sort of hands or feet either he may happen to have received from this or that vanished ancestor. Still she found his presence — more than his proximity — discomposing, and was glad when Mr. Sclater, who, I forgot to mention, had left the room, returned and took Gibbie away to show him his, and instruct him what changes he must make upon his person in preparation for dinner.

When Mrs. Sclater went to bed that night, she lay awake a good while thinking, and her main thought was — what could be the nature of the peculiar feeling which the stare of the boy had roused in her? Nor was it long before she began to suspect that, unlike her hand beside his, she showed to some kind of disadvantage beside the shepherd lad. Was it dissatisfaction then with herself that his look had waked? She was aware of nothing in which she had failed or been in the wrong of late. She never did anything to be called wrong — by herself, that is, or indeed by her neighbors. She had never done anything *very* wrong, she thought; and anything wrong she had done, was now so far away and so nearly forgotten, that it seemed to have left her almost quite innocent; yet the look of those blue eyes, searching, searching, without seeming to know it, made her feel something like the discomfort of a dream of expected visitors, with her house not quite in a condition to receive them. She must see to her hidden house. She must take dust-pan and broom and go about a little. For there are purifications in which king and cowboy must each serve himself. The things that come out of a man are they that defile him, and to get rid of them, a man must go into himself, be a convict, and scrub the floor of his cell. Mrs. Sclater's cell was very tidy and respectable for a cell, but no human consciousness can be *clean*, until it lies wide open to the eternal sun, and the all-powerful wind; until, from a dim-lighted cellar, it becomes a mountain-top.

CHAPTER III.  
INITIATION.

MRS. SCLATER'S first piece of business the following morning was to take Gibbie to the most fashionable tailor in the city, and have him measured for such clothes as she judged suitable for a gentleman's son. As they went through the streets, going and returning, the handsome lady walking with the youth in the queer country-made clothes, attracted no little attention, and most of the inhabitants who saw them, having by this time heard of the sudden importance of their old acquaintance, wee Sir Gibbie, and the search after him, were not long in divining the secret of the strange conjunction. But although Gibbie seemed as much at home with the handsome lady as if she had been his own mother, and walked by her side with a step and air as free as the wind upon Glashgar, he felt anything but comfortable in his person. For here and there Tammy Breeks's seams came too close to his skin, and there are certain kinds of hardship which, though the sufferer be capable of the patience of Job, will yet fret. Gibbie could endure cold or wet or hunger, and sing like a mavis; he had borne pain upon occasion with at least complete submission; but the tight arm-holes of his jacket could hardly be such a decree of Providence as it was rebellion to interfere with; and therefore I do not relate what follows, as a pure outcome of that benevolence in him which was yet equal to the sacrifice of the best-fitting of garments. As they walked along Pearl Street, the handsomest street of the city, he darted suddenly from Mrs. Sclater's side, and crossed to the opposite pavement. She stood and looked after him wondering; hitherto he had broken out in no vagaries! As he ran, worse and worse! he began tugging at his jacket, and had just succeeded in getting it off, as he arrived at the other side, in time to stop a lad of about his own size, who was walking bare-footed and in his shirt sleeves—if shirt or sleeves be a term applicable to anything visible upon him. With something of the air of the tailor who had just been waiting upon himself, but with as much kindness and attention as if the boy had been Donal Grant instead of a stranger, he held the jacket for him to put on. The lad lost no time in obeying, gave him one look and nod of gratitude, and ran down a flight of steps to a street below, never doubting his benefactor an idiot, and dreading some one to whom he belonged would be after him presently to reclaim the gift. Mrs.

Sclater saw the proceeding with some amusement and a little foreboding. She did not mourn the fate of the jacket; had it been the one she had just ordered, or anything like it, the loss would have been to her not insignificant: but was the boy altogether in his right mind? She in her black satin on the opposite pavement, and the lad scudding down the stair in the jacket, were of similar mind concerning the boy, who, in shirt sleeves indubitable, now came bounding back across the wide street. He took his place by her side as if nothing had happened, only that he went along swinging his arms as if he had just been delivered from manacles. Having for so many years roamed the streets with scarcely any clothes at all, he had no idea of looking peculiar, and thought nothing more of the matter.

But Mrs. Sclater soon began to find that even in regard to social externals, she could never have had a readier pupil. He watched her so closely, and with such an appreciation of the difference in things of the kind between her and her husband, that for a short period he was in danger of falling into habits of movement and manipulation too dainty for a man, a fault happily none the less objectionable in the eyes of his instructress, that she, on her own part, carried the feminine a little beyond the limits of the natural. But here also she found him so readily set right, that she imagined she was going to do anything with him she pleased, and was not a little proud of her conquest, and the power she had over the young savage. She had yet to discover that Gibbie had his own ideas too, that it was the general noble teachableness and affection of his nature that had brought about so speedy an understanding between them in everything wherein he saw she could show him the better way, but that nowhere else would he feel bound or inclined to follow her injunctions. Much and strongly as he was drawn to her by her ladyhood, and the sense she gave him of refinement and familiarity with the niceties, he had no feeling that she had authority over him. So neglected in his childhood, so absolutely trusted by the cottagers, who had never found in him the slightest occasion for the exercise of authority, he had not an idea of owing obedience to any but the One. Gifted from the first with a heart of devotion, the will of the Master set the will of the boy upon the throne of service, and what he had done from inclination he was now capable of doing against it, and would most assuredly do against it if ever occa-

sion should arise: what other obedience was necessary to his perfection? For his father and mother and Donal he had reverence — profound and tender, and for no one else as yet among men; but at the same time something far beyond respect for every human shape and show. He would not, could not make any of the social distinctions which to Mr. and Mrs. Sclater seemed to belong to existence itself, and their recognition essential to the living of their lives; whence it naturally resulted that upon occasion he seemed to them devoid of the first rudiments of breeding, without respect or any notion of subordination.

Mr. Sclater was conscientious in his treatment of him. The very day following that of their arrival, he set to work with him. He had been a tutor, was a good scholar, and a sensible teacher, and soon discovered how to make the most of Gibbie's facility in writing. He was already possessed of a little Latin, and after having for some time accustomed him to translate from each language into the other, the minister began to think it might be of advantage to learning in general, if at least half the boys and girls at school, and three parts of every Sunday congregation, were as dumb as Sir Gilbert Galbraith. When at length he set him to Greek, he was astonished at the avidity with which he learned it. He had hardly got him over *τίττο*, when he found him one day so intent upon the Greek Testament, that, exceptionally keen of hearing as he was, he was quite unaware that any one had entered the room.

What Gibbie made of Mr. Sclater's prayers, either in congregational or family devotion, I am at some loss to imagine. Beside his memories of the direct fervid outpouring and appeal of Janet, in which she seemed to talk face to face with God, they must have seemed to him like the utterances of some curiously constructed wooden automaton, doing its best to pray, without any soul to be saved, any weakness to be made strong, any doubt to be cleared, any hunger to be filled. What can be less like religion than the prayers of a man whose religion is his profession, and who, if he were not "in the church" would probably never pray at all? Gibbie, however, being the reverse of critical, must, I can hardly doubt, have seen in them a good deal more than was there — a pitiful faculty to the man who cultivates that of seeing in everything less than is there.

To Mrs. Sclater, it was at first rather depressing, and for a time grew more and

more painful to have a live silence by her side. But when she came into rapport with the natural utterance of the boy, his presence grew more like a constant speech, and that which was best in her was not unfrequently able to say for the boy what he would have said could he have spoken: the nobler part of her nature was in secret alliance with the thoughts and feelings of Gibbie. But this relation between them, though perceptible, did not become at all plain to her until after she had established more definite means of communication. Gibbie, for his part, full of the holy simplicities of the cottage, had a good many things to meet which disappointed, perplexed, and shocked him. Middling good people are shocked at the wickedness of the wicked; Gibbie, who knew both so well, and what ought to be expected, was shocked only at the wickedness of the righteous. He never came quite to understand Mr. Sclater: the inconsistent never can be *understood*. That only which has absolute reason in it can be understood of man. There is a bewilderment about the very nature of evil which only he who made us capable of evil that we might be good, can comprehend.

#### CHAPTER IV. DONAL'S LODGING.

DONAL had not accompanied Mr. Sclater and his ward, as he generally styled him, to the city, but continued at the Mains until another herd-boy should be found to take his place. All were sorry to part with him, but no one desired to stand in the way of his good fortune by claiming his service to the end of his half-year. It was about a fortnight after Gibbie's departure when he found himself free. His last night he spent with his parents on Glashgar, and the next morning set out in the moonlight to join the coach, with some cakes and a bit of fresh butter tied up in a cotton handkerchief. He wept at leaving them, nor was too much excited with the prospect before him to lay up his mother's parting words in his heart. For it is not every son that will not learn of his mother. He who will not goes to the school of Gideon. Those last words of Janet to her Donal were, "Noo, min' yer no a win'le strae (*a straw dried on its root*), but a growin' stalk 'at maun luik till 'tis corn."

When he reached the spot appointed, there already was the cart from the Mains, with his *kist* containing all his earthly possessions. They did not half fill it, and would have tumbled about in the great

chest, had not the bounty of Mistress Jean complemented its space with provisions — a cheese, a bag of oatmeal, some oatcakes, and a pound or two of the best butter in the world, for now that he was leaving them, a herdboy no more, but a *colliginer*, and going to be a gentleman, it was right to be liberal. The box, whose ponderosity was unintelligible to its owner, having been hoisted, amid the smiles of the passengers, to the mid region of the roof of the coach, Donal clambered after it, and took, for the first time in his life, his place behind four horses — to go softly rushing through the air towards endless liberty. It was to the young poet an hour of glorious birth — in which there seemed nothing too strange, nothing but what should have come. I fancy, when they die, many will find themselves more at home than ever they were in this world. But Donal is not the subject of my story, and I must not spend upon him. I will only say that his feelings on this grand occasion were the less satisfactory to himself, that, not being poet merely, but philosopher as well, he sought to understand them: the mere poet, the man-bird, would have been content with them in themselves. But if he who is both does not rise above both by learning obedience, he will have a fine time of it between them.

The streets of the city at length received them with noise and echo. At the coach-office Mr. Sclater stood waiting, welcomed him with dignity rather than kindness, hired a porter with his truck whom he told where to take the chest, said Sir Gilbert would doubtless call on him the next day, and left him with the porter.

It was a cold afternoon, the air half mist, half twilight. Donal followed the rattling, bumping truck over the stones, walking close behind it, almost in the gutter. They made one turning, went a long way through the narrow, sometimes crowded Widdiehill, and stopped. The man opened a door, returned to the truck, and began to pull the box from it. Donal gave him effective assistance, and they entered with it between them. There was just light enough from a tallow candle with a wick like a red-hot mushroom, to see that they were in what appeared to Donal a house in most appalling disorder, but was in fact a furniture shop. The porter led the way up a dark stair, and Donal followed with his end of the trunk. At the top was a large room, into which the last of the day glimmered through windows covered with the smoke and dust of years, showing this also full of furniture, chiefly old. A lane

through the furniture led along the room to a door at the other end. To Donal's eyes it looked a dreary place; but when the porter opened the other door, he saw a neat little room with a curtained bed, a carpeted floor, a fire burning in the grate, a kettle on the hob, and the table laid for tea: this was like a bit of a palace, for he had never in his life even looked into such a chamber. The porter set down his end of the chest, said "Guid nicht to ye," and walked out, leaving the door open.

Knowing nothing about towns and the ways of them, Donal was yet a little surprised that there was nobody to receive him. He approached the fire, and sat down to warm himself, taking care not to set his hobnailed shoes on the grandeur of the little hearthrug. A few moments and he was startled by a slight noise, as of suppressed laughter. He jumped up. One of the curtains of his bed was strangely agitated. Out leaped Gibbie from behind it, and threw his arms about him.

"Eh, cratur! ye gae me sic a fleg!" said Donal. "But, losh! they hae made a gentleman o' ye a'ready!" he added, holding him at arm's length, and regarding him with wonder and admiration.

A notable change had indeed passed upon Gibbie, mere externals considered, in that fortnight. He was certainly not so picturesque as before, yet the alteration was entirely delightful to Donal. Perhaps he felt it gave a good hope for the future of his own person. Mrs. Sclater had had his hair cut; his shirt was of the whitest of linen, his necktie of the richest of black silk, his clothes were of the newest cut and best possible fit, and his boots perfect: the result was altogether even to her satisfaction. In one thing only was she foiled: she could not get him to wear gloves. He had put on a pair, but found them so miserably uncomfortable that, in merry wrath, he pulled them off on the way home, and threw them — "The best kid!" exclaimed Mrs. Sclater — over the Pearl Bridge. Prudently fearful of overstraining her influence, she yielded for the present, and let him go without.

Mr. Sclater also had hitherto exercised prudence in his demands upon Gibbie — not that he desired anything less than unlimited authority with him, but knowing it would be hard to enforce, he sought to establish it by a gradual tightening of the rein, a slow encroachment of law upon the realms of disordered license. He had never yet refused to do anything he required of him, had executed entirely the tasks he set him, was more than respectful,

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and always ready; yet somehow Mr. Sclater could never feel that the lad was exactly obeying him. He thought it over, but could not understand it, and did not like it, for he was fond of authority. Gibbie in fact did whatever was required of him from his own delight in meeting the wish expressed, not from any sense of duty or of obligation to obedience. The minister had no perception of what the boy was, and but a very small capacity for appreciating what was best in him, and had a foreboding suspicion that the time would come when they would differ.

He had not told him that he was going to meet the coach, but Gibbie was glad to learn from Mrs. Sclater that such was his intention, for he preferred meeting Donal at his lodging. He had recognized the place at once from the minister's mention of it to his wife, having known the shop and its owner since ever he could remember himself. He loitered near until he saw Donal arrive, then crept after him and the porter up the stair, and when Donal sat down by the fire, got into the room and behind the curtain.

The boys had then a jolly time of it. They made their tea, for which everything was present, and ate as boys know how, Donal enjoying the rarity of the white bread of the city, Gibbie, who had not tasted oatmeal since he came, devouring "mother's cakes." When they had done, Gibbie, who had learned much since he came, looked about the room till he found a bell-rope, and pulled it, whereupon the oddest-looking old woman, not a hair altered from what Gibbie remembered her, entered, and, with friendly chatter, proceeded to remove the tray. Suddenly something arrested her, and she began to regard Gibbie with curious looks; in a moment she was sure of him, and a torrent of exclamations and reminiscences and appeals followed, which lasted, the two lads now laughing, now all but crying, for nearly an hour, while, all the time, the old woman kept doing and undoing about the hearth and the tea table. Donal asked many questions about his friend, and she answered freely, except as often as one approached his family, when she would fall-silent, and bustle about as if she had not heard. Then Gibbie would look thoughtful and strange and a little sad, and a far-away gaze would come into his eyes, as if he were searching for his father in the other world.

When the good woman at length left them, they uncorded Donal's kist, discovered the cause of its portentous weight,

took out everything, put the provisions in a cupboard, arranged the few books, and then sat down by the fire for "a read" together.

The hours slipped away; it was night; and still they sat and read. It must have been after ten o'clock when they heard footsteps coming through the adjoining room; the door opened swiftly; in walked Mr. Sclater, and closed it behind him. His look was angry—severe enough for boys caught card-playing, or drinking, or reading something that was not divinity on a Sunday. Gibbie had absented himself without permission, had stayed away for hours, had not returned even when the hour of worship arrived; and these were sins against the respectability of his house which no minister like Mr. Sclater could pass by. It mattered nothing what they were doing! it was all one when it got to midnight! then it became revelling, and was sinful and dangerous, vulgar and ungentlemanly, giving the worst possible example to those beneath them! What could their landlady think? — the very first night? — and a lodger whom he had recommended? Such was the sort of thing with which Mr. Sclater overwhelmed the two boys. Donal would have pleaded in justification, or at least excuse, but he silenced him peremptorily. I suspect there had been some difference between Mrs. Sclater and him just before he left: how otherwise could he have so entirely forgotten his wise resolves aent Gibbie's gradual subjugation?

When first he entered, Gibbie rose with his usual smile of greeting, and got him a chair. But he waved aside the attention with indignant indifference, and went on with his foolish reproof — unworthy of record except for Gibbie's following behavior. Beaten down by the suddenness of the storm, Donal had never risen from his chair, but sat glowering into the fire. He was annoyed, vexed, half ashamed: with that readiness of the poetic nature to fit itself to any position, especially one suggested by an unjust judgment, he felt, with the worthy parson thus storming at him, almost as if guilty in everything laid to their joint charge. Gibbie on his feet looked the minister straight in the face. His smile of welcome, which had suddenly mingled itself with bewilderment, gradually faded into one of concern, then of pity, and by degrees died away altogether, leaving in its place a look of question. More and more settled his countenance grew, while all the time he never took his eyes off Mr. Sclater's until its expression at length was

that of pitiful unconscious reproof, mingled with sympathetic shame. He had never met anything like this before. Nothing low like this — for all injustice, and especially all that sort of thing which Janet called "dingin' the motes wi' the beam," is eternally low — had Gibbie seen in the holy temple of Glashgar! He had no way of understanding or interpreting it save by calling to his aid the sad knowledge of evil, gathered in his earliest years. Except in the laird and Fergus and the game-keeper, he had not, since fleeing from Lucky Croale's houff, seen a trace of unreasonable anger in any one he knew. Robert or Janet had never scolded him. He might go and come as he pleased. The night was sacred as the day in that dear house. His father, even when most overcome by the wicked thing, had never scolded him!

The boys remaining absolutely silent, the minister had it all his own way. But before he had begun to draw to a close, across the blinding mists of his fog-bredgng wrath he began to be aware of the shining of two heavenly lights, the eyes, namely, of the dumb boy fixed upon him. They jarred him a little in his onward course; they shook him as if with a doubt; the feeling undefined slowly grew to a notion, first obscure, then plain: they were eyes of reproof that were fastened upon his! At the first suspicion, his anger flared up more fierce than ever; but it was the flare of a doomed flame; slowly the rebuke told, was telling; the self-satisfied *in-the-rightness* — a very different thing from *righteousness* — of the man was sinking before the innocent difference of the boy; he began to feel awkward, he hesitated, he ceased: for the moment Gibbie, unconsciously, had conquered; without knowing it, he was the superior of the two, and Mr. Sclater had begun to learn that he could never exercise authority over him. But the worldly wise man will not seem to be defeated even where he knows he is. If he do give in, he will make it look as if it came of the proper motion of his own placable goodness. After a slight pause, the minister spoke again, but with the changed tone of one who has had an apology made to him, whose anger is appeased, and who therefore acts the Nep-tune over the billows of his own sea. That was the way he would slide out of it.

"Donal Grant," he said, "you had better go to bed at once, and get fit for your work to-morrow. I will go with you to call upon the principal. Take care you are not out of the way when I come for

you. — Get your cap, Sir Gilbert, and come. Mrs. Sclater was already very uneasy about you when I left her."

Gibbie took from his pocket the little ivory tablets Mrs. Sclater had given him, wrote the following words, and handed them to the minister:

"Dear sir, I am going to slepe this night with Donal. The bed is bigg enuf for 2. Good night, sir."

For a moment the minister's wrath seethed again. Like a volcano, however, that has sent out a puff of steam, but holds back its lava, he thought better of it: here was a chance of retiring with grace — in well conducted retreat, instead of headlong rout.

"Then be sure you are home by lesson-time," he said. "Donal can come with you. Good night. Mind you don't keep each other awake."

Donal said "Good night, sir," and Gibbie gave him a serious and respectful nod. He left the room, and the boys turned and looked at each other. Donal's countenance expressed an indignant sense of wrong, but Gibbie's revealed a more profound concern. He stood motionless, intent on the receding steps of the minister. The moment the sound of them ceased, he darted noiselessly after him. Donal, who from Mr. Sclater's reply had understood what Gibbie had written, was astonished, and starting to his feet followed him. By the time he reached the door, Gibbie was past the second lamp, his shadow describing a huge half-circle around him, as he stole from lamp to lamp after the minister, keeping always a lamp-post still between them. When the minister turned a corner, Gibbie made a soundless dart to it, and peeped round, lingered a moment looking, then followed again. On and on went Mr. Sclater, and on and on went Gibbie, careful constantly not to be seen by him; and on and on went Donal, careful to be seen of neither. They went a long way as he thought, for to the country boy distance between houses seemed much greater than between dykes or hedges. At last the minister went up the steps of a handsome house, took a key from his pocket, and opened the door. From some impulse or other, as he stepped in, he turned sharp round, and saw Gibbie.

"Come in," he said, in a loud authoritative tone, probably taking the boy's appearance for the effect of repentance and a desire to return to his own bed.

Gibbie lifted his cap, and walked quietly on towards the other end of Daur Street.

Donal dared not follow, for Mr. Sclater stood between, looking out. Presently however the door shut with a great bang, and Donal was after Gibbie like a hound. But Gibbie had turned a corner, and was gone from his sight. Donal turned a corner too, but it was a wrong corner. Concluding that Gibbie had turned another corner ahead of him, he ran on and on, in the vanishing hope of catching sight of him again; but he was soon satisfied he had lost him, — nor him only, but himself as well, for he had not the smallest idea how to return, even as far as the minister's house. It rendered the matter considerably worse that, having never heard the name of the street where he lodged but once — when the minister gave direction to the porter, he had utterly forgotten it. So there he was, out in the night, astray in the streets of a city of many tens of thousands, in which he had never till that day set foot — never before having been in any larger abode of men than a scattered village of thatched roofs. But he was not tired, and so long as a man is not tired, he can do well, even in pain. But a city is a dreary place at night, even to one who knows his way in it — much drearier to one lost — in some respects drearier than a heath — except there be old mine-shafts in it.

"It's as gien a' the birds o' a country had creepit 'till their bit eggs again, an' the day was left bare o' sang!" said the poet to himself as he walked. Night amongst houses was a new thing to him. Night on the hillside and in the fields he knew well; but this was like a place of tombs — what else, when all were dead for the night? The night is the world's graveyard, and the cities are its catacombs. He repeated to himself all his own few ballads, then repeated them aloud as he walked, indulging the fancy that he had a long audience on each side of him; but he dropped into silence the moment any night-wanderer appeared. Presently he found himself on the shore of the river, and tried to get to the edge of the water; but it was low tide, the lamps did not throw much light so far, the moon was clouded, he got among logs and mud, and regained the street bemired, and beginning to feel weary. He was saying to himself what ever was he to do all the night long, when round a corner a little way off came a woman. It was no use asking counsel of her, however, or of any one, he thought, so long as he did not know even the name of the street he wanted — a street which as he walked along it had seemed interminable. The woman

drew near. She was rather tall, erect in the back, but bowed in the shoulders, with fierce black eyes, which were all that he could see of her face, for she had a little tartan shawl over her head, which she held together with one hand, while in the other she carried a basket. But those eyes were enough to make him fancy he must have seen her before. They were just passing each other, under a lamp, when she looked hard at him, and stopped.

"Man," she said, "I hae set e'en upo' your face afore!"

"Gien that be the case," answered Donal, "ye set e'en upo' t' again."

"Whaur come ye frae?" she asked.

"That's what I wad fain speir mysel'," he replied. "But, wuman," he went on, "I fancy I hae set e'en upo' your e'en afore — I canna weel say for yer face. Whaur come ye frae?"

"Ken ye a place they ca' — Daurside?" she rejoined.

"Daurside's a gey lang place," answered Donal; "an' this maun be aboot the tae en' o' t', I'm thinkin'."

"Ye're no far wrang there," she returned; "an' ye hae a gey gleg tongue i' yer heid for a laad frae Daurside."

"I never h'ard 'at tongues war cuttit shorter there nor ither gaits," said Donal; "but I didna mean ye ony offence."

"There's nane ta'en, nor like to be," answered the woman. "Ken ye a place they ca' Mains o' Glashruach?"

As she spoke, she let go her shawl, and it opened from her face like two curtains.

"Lord! it's the witch-wife!" cried Donal, retreating a pace in his astonishment.

The woman burst into a great laugh, a hard, unmusical, but not unmirthful laugh.

"Ay!" she said, "was that hoo the fowk wad hae't o' me?"

"It wasna muckle won'er, efter ye cam wydin' throu' watter yairds deep, an' syne gaed doon the spate on a bran'er."

"Weel, it was the maddest thing!" she returned, with another laugh which stopped abruptly. "— I wadna dee the like again to save my life. But the Mighty cairried me throu'. — An' hoo's wee Sir Gibbie? — Come in — I dinna ken yer name — but we're jist at the door o' my bit garret. Come quaiet up the stair, an' tell me a' aboot it."

"Weel, I wadna be sorry to rist a bit, for I hae tint mysel' a'thegither, an' I'm some tiret," answered Donal. "I but left the Mains the-streen."

"Come in an' walcome; an' whan ye're

ristit, an' I'm rid o' my basket, I'll sune pit ye i' the gait o' hame."

Donal was too tired, and too glad to be once more in the company of a human being, to pursue further explanation at present. He followed her, as quietly as he could, up the dark stair. When she struck a light, he saw a little garret-room — better than decently furnished, it seemed to the youth from the hills, though his mother would have thought it far from tidy. The moment the woman got a candle lighted, she went to a cupboard, and brought thence a bottle and a glass. When Donal declined the whisky she poured out, she seemed disappointed, and setting down the glass let it stand. But when she had seated herself, and begun to relate her adventures in quest of Gibbie, she drew it towards her, and sipped as she talked. Some day she would tell him, she said, the whole story of her voyage on the brander, which would make him laugh ; it made her laugh, even now, when it came back to her in her bed at night, though she was far enough from laughing at the time. Then she told him a great deal about Gibbie and his father.

"An' noo," remarked Donal, "he'll be thinkin' 't a' ower again, as he rins aboot the toon this verra meenute, luikin' for me !"

"Dinna ye tible yersel' aboot him," said the woman. "He kens the toon as weel's ony rottan kens the drains o' t'. — But whaur div ye pit up ?" she added, "for it's time dacent fowk was gauin i'to their beds."

Donal explained that he knew neither the name of the street nor of the people where he was lodging.

"Tell me this or that — something — anything aboot the hoose or the fowk, or what they're like, an' it may be 'at I'll ken them," she said.

But scarcely had he begun his description of the house when she cried,

"Hoot, man ! it's at Lucky Murkison's ye are, i' the Wuddiehill. Come awa', an' I s' tak ye ham in a jiffey."

So saying, she rose, took the candle, showed him down the stair, and followed.

It was past midnight, and the moon was down, but the street-lamps were not yet extinguished, and they walked along without anything to interrupt their conversation — chiefly about Sir Gibbie and Sir George. But perhaps if Donal had known the cause of Gibbie's escape from the city, and that the dread thing had taken place in this woman's house, he would not have walked quite so close to her.

Poor Mistress Croale, however, had been nowise to blame for that, and the shock it gave her had even done something to check the rate of her downhill progress. It let her see, with a lightning flash from the pit, how wide the rent now yawned between her and her former respectability. She continued, as we know, to drink whisky, and was not unfrequently overcome by it; but in her following life as peddler, she measured her madness more; and much in the open air and walking a great deal, with a basket sometimes heavy, her indulgence did her less physical harm ; her temper recovered a little, she regained a portion of her self-command ; and at the close of those years of wandering she was less of a ruin, both mentally and spiritually, than at their commencement.

When she received her hundred pounds for the finding of Sir Gibbie, she rented a little shop in the gallery of the market, where she sold such things as she had carried about the country, adding to her stock, upon the likelihood of demand, without respect to unity either conventional or real, in the character of the wares she associated. The interest and respectability of this new start in life, made a little fresh opposition to the inroads of her besetting sin ; so that now she did not consume as much whisky in three days as she did in one when she had her *houff* on the shore. Some people seem to have been drinking all their lives, of necessity getting more and more into the power of the enemy, but without succumbing at a rapid rate, having even their times of uplifting and betterment. Mistress Croale's complexion was a little clearer ; her eyes were less fierce ; her expression was more composed ; some of the women who like her had shops in the market, had grown a little friendly with her ; and, which was of more valuable significance, she had come to be not a little regarded by the poor women of the lower parts behind the market, who were in the way of dealing with her. For the moment a customer of this class, and she had but few of any other, appeared at her shop, or covered stall, rather, she seemed in spirit to go outside the counter and buy with her, giving her the best counsel she had, now advising the cheaper, now the dearer of two articles ; while now and then one could tell of having been sent by her to another shop, where, in the particular case, she could do better. A love of affairs, no doubt, bore a part in this peculiarity, but there is all the difference between the two ways of embodying activity — to one's own advantage

only, and — to the advantage of one's neighbor as well. For my part, if I knew a woman behaved to her neighbors as Mistress Croale did to hers, were she the worst of drunkards in between, I could not help both respecting and loving her. Alas that such virtue is so portentously scarce! There are so many that are sober for one that is honest! Deep are the depths of social degradation to which the clean purifying light yet reaches, and lofty are the heights of social honor where yet the light is nothing but darkness. Any thoughtful person who knew Mistress Croale's history, would have feared much for her, and hoped a little: her so-called fate was still undecided. In the mean time she made a living, did not get into debt, spent an inordinate portion of her profits in drink, but had regained and was keeping up a kind and measure of respectability.

Before they reached the Widdiehill, Donal, with the open heart of the poet, was full of friendliness to her, and rejoiced in the mischance that had led him to make her acquaintance.

"Ye ken, of coorse," he happened to say, "'at Gibbie's wi Maister Sclater?"

"Well eneuch," she answered. "I hae seen him tee; but he's a gran' gentleman grown, an' I wadna like to be affrontit layin' claim till's acquaintance, — walcome as he ance was to my hoose!"

She had more reason for the doubt and hesitation she thus expressed than Donal knew. But his answer was none the less the true one as regarded his friend.

"Ye little ken Gibbie," he said, "gien ye think that gait o' im! Gang ye to the minister's door and speir for 'im. He'll be doon the stair like a shot. — But 'deed maybe he's come back, an' s' i' my chaumer the noo! Ye'll come up the stair an' see?"

"Na, I wunna dee that," said Mistress Croale, who did not wish to face Mistress Murkison, well known to her in the days of her comparative prosperity.

She pointed out the door to him, but herself stood on the other side of the way till she saw it opened by her old friend in her night-cap, and heard her make jubilee over his return.

Gibbie had come home and gone out again to look for him, she said.

"Weel," remarked Donal, "there wad be sma' guid in my gaein' to luik for him. It wad be but the sheep gaein' to luik for the shepherd."

"Ye're richt there," said his landlady. "A tint bairn sud aye sit doon an' sit still."

"Weel, ye gang till yer bed, mem," returned Donal. "Lat me see hoo yer door works, an' I'll lat him in whan he comes."

Gibbie came within an hour, and all was well. They made their communications, of which Donal's was far the more interesting, had their laugh over the affair, and went to bed.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
NOVEL-READING.

*The Works of Charles Dickens.*  
*The Works of W. Makepeace Thackeray.*

IN putting at the head of this paper the names of two distinguished English novelists whose tales have been collected and republished since their death,\* it is my object to review rather the general nature of the work done by English novelists of latter times than the contributions specially made by these two to our literature. Criticism has dealt with them, and public opinion has awarded to each his own position in the world of letters. But it may be worth while to inquire what is and what will be the result of a branch of reading which is at present more extended than any other, and to which they have contributed so much. We used to regard novels as ephemeral; and a quarter of a century since were accustomed to consider those by Scott, with a few others which, from "Robinson Crusoe" downwards, had made permanent names to themselves, as exceptions to this rule. Now we have collected editions of one modern master of fiction after another brought out with all circumstances of editorial luxury and editorial cheapness. The works of Dickens are to be bought in penny numbers; and those of Thackeray are being at the present moment reissued to the public with every glory of paper, print, and illustration, at a proposed cost to the purchaser of 33*l.* 12*s.*, for the set. I do not in the least doubt that the enterprising publishers will find themselves justified in their different adventures. The popular British novel is now so popular that it can be neither too cheap nor too dear for the market.

*Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres.*

I believe it to be a fact that of no English author has the sale of the works

\* *The Collected Works of Charles Dickens.* In 20 volumes. Chapman & Hall.  
*The Collected Works of W. M. Thackeray.* In 22 volumes. Smith, Elder, & Co.

been at the same time so large and so profitable for the first half-dozen years after his death as of Dickens; and I cannot at the moment remember any edition so costly as that which is now being brought out of Thackeray's novels, in proportion to the amount and nature of the work. I have seen it asserted that the three English authors whose works are most to be found in the far-off homes of our colonists — in Australia, Canada, and south Africa — are Shakespeare, Macaulay, and Dickens. Shakespeare no doubt is there, as he is in the houses of so many of us not so far off, for the sake of national glory. Macaulay and Dickens, perhaps, share between them the thumbs of the family, but the marks of affection bestowed on the novelist will be found to be the darker.

With such evidence before us of the wide-spread and enduring popularity of popular novels, it would become us to make up our minds whether this coveted amusement is of its nature prone to do good or evil. There cannot be a doubt that the characters of those around us are formed very much on the lessons which are thus taught. Our girls become wives, and our wives mothers, and then old women, very much under these inspirations. Our boys grow into manhood, either nobly or ignobly partly as they may teach, and in accordance with such teaching will continue to bear their burdens gallantly or to repudiate them with cowardly sloth.

Sermons have been invented, coming down to us from the Greek chorus, and probably from times much antecedent to the Greek dramatists, in order that the violence of the active may be controlled by the prudence of the inactive, and the thoughtlessness of the young by the thoughtfulness of the old. And sermons have been very efficacious for these purposes. There are now among us preachers influencing the conduct of many, and probably delighting the intellectual faculties of more. But it is, we think, felt that the sermon which is listened to with more or less of patience once or twice a week does not catch a hold of the imagination as it used to do, so as to enable us to say that those who are growing up among us are formed as to their character by the discourses which they hear from the pulpit. Teaching to be efficacious must be popular. The birch has, no doubt, saved many from the uttermost depth of darkness, but it never yet made a scholar. I am inclined to think that the lessons inculcated by the novelists at present go deeper than most

others. To ascertain whether they be good or bad, we should look not only to the teaching but to that which has been taught, — not to the masters only but the scholars. To effect this thoroughly, an essay on the morals of the people would be necessary, — of such at least of the people as read sufficiently for the enjoyment of a novel. We should have to compare the conduct of the present day with that of past years, and our own conduct with that of other people. So much would be beyond our mark. But something may be done to show whether fathers and mothers may consider themselves safe in allowing to their children the latitude in reading which is now the order of the day, and also in giving similar freedom to themselves. It is not the daughter only who now reads her "Lord Aimworth" without thrusting him under the sofa when a strange visitor comes, or feels it necessary to have Fordyce's sermons open on the table. There it is, unconcealed, whether for good or bad, patent to all and established, the recognized amusement of our lighter hours, too often our mainstay in literature, the former of our morals, the code by which we rule ourselves, the mirror in which we dress ourselves, the *index expurgatorius* of things held to be allowable in the ordinary affairs of life. No man actually turns to a novel for a definition of honor, nor a woman for that of modesty; but it is from the pages of many novels that men and women obtain guidance both as to honor and modesty. As the writer of the leading article picks up his ideas of politics among those which he finds floating about the world, thinking out but little for himself and creating but little, so does the novelist find his ideas of conduct, and then create a picture of that excellence which he has appreciated. Nor does he do the reverse with reference to the ignoble or the immodest. He collects the floating ideas of the world around him as to what is right and wrong in conduct, and reproduces them with his own coloring. At different periods in our history, the preacher, the dramatist, the essayist, and the poet have been efficacious over others; at one time the preacher, and at one the poet. Now it is the novelist. There are reasons why we would wish it were otherwise. The reading of novels can hardly strengthen the intelligence. But we have to deal with the fact as it exists, deprecating the evil as far as it is an evil, but acknowledging the good if there be good.

Fond as most of us are of novels, it has

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to be confessed that they have had a bad name among us. Sheridan, in the scene from which we have quoted, has put into Lydia's mouth a true picture of the time as it then existed. Young ladies, if they read novels, read them on the sly, and married ladies were not more free in acknowledging their acquaintance with those in English than they are now as to those in French. That freedom was growing then as is the other now. There were those who could read unblushingly; those who read and blushed; and those who sternly would not read at all. At a much later date than Sheridan's it was the ordinary practice in well-conducted families to limit the reading of novels. In many houses such books were not permitted at all. In others Scott was allowed, with those probably of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen. And the amusement, though permitted, was not encouraged. It was considered to be idleness and a wasting of time. At the period of which we are speaking,—say forty years ago,—it was hardly recognized by any that much beyond amusement not only might be, but must be, the consequence of such reading. Novels were ephemeral, trivial,—of no great importance except in so far as they might perhaps be injurious. As a girl who is, as a rule, duly industrious, may be allowed now and then to sit idle over the fire, thinking as nearly as possible of nothing,—thus refreshing herself for her daily toils; as a man may, without reproach, devote a small portion of his day to loafing and lounging about his club; so in those perhaps healthier days did a small modicum of novel-reading begin to be permitted. Where now is the reading individual for whom a small modicum suffices?

And very evil things have been said of the writers of novels by their brethren in literature; as though these workers, whose work has gradually become so efficacious for good or evil, had done nothing but harm in the world. It would be useless, or even ungenerous now, to quote essayists, divines, and historians who have written of novelists as though the mere providing of a little fleeting amusement—generally of pernicious amusement—had been the only object in their view. But our readers will be aware that if such criticism does not now exist, it has not ceased so long but that they remember its tone. The ordinary old homily against the novel, inveighing against the frivolities, the falsehood, and perhaps the licentiousness, of a fictitious narrative, is still familiar to our ears. Though we may reckon among our dearest

literary possessions the pathos of this story, the humor of another, the unerring truth to nature of a third; though we may be aware of the absolute national importance to us of a "Robinson Crusoe" or "Tom Jones," of an "Ivanhoe" or an "Esmond"; though each of us in his own heart may know all that a good novel has done for him,—still there remains something of the bad character which for years has been attached to the art.

*Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem  
Testa diu.*

Even though it be true that the novels of the present day have in great measure taken the place of sermons, and that they feed the imagination too often in lieu of poetry, still they are admitted to their high functions not without forebodings, not without remonstrances, not without a certain sense that we are giving up our young people into the hands of an Apollyon. Is this teacher an Apollyon; or is he better because stronger, and as moral—as an archbishop?

It is certainly the case that novels deal mainly with one subject,—that, namely, of love; and equally certain that love is a matter in handling which for the instruction or delectation of the young there is much danger. This is what the novelist does daily, and, whatever may be the danger, he is accepted. We quite agree with the young lady in "The Hunchback" who declared that Ovid was a fool. "To call that thing an art which art is none."

No art but taketh time and pains to learn.  
Love comes with neither.

So much the novelist knows as well as Sheridan Knowles's young lady, and therefore sets about his work with descriptive rather than didactic lessons. His pupils would not accept them were he to tell them that he came into the house as a tutor in such an art. But still as a tutor he is accepted. What can be of more importance to us than to know whether we, who all of us encourage such tutors in our houses, are subjecting those *virgines* to good teaching or to ill? We do not dare to say openly to those dear ones, but we confess it to ourselves, that the one thing of most importance to them is whether they shall love rightly or wrongly. The sweet, innocent, bashful girl, who never to her dearest bosom friend dares to talk upon the matter, knows that it must be so for herself. Will it be her happy future to be joined to some man who, together with the energy necessary for maintaining her and her children,

shall also have a loving heart and a sweet temper? — or shall she, through dire mistake, in this great affair of her life fall into some unutterable abyss of negligence, poverty, and heartless indifference? All this is vague, though still certain, to the girl herself. But to the mother it is in no way vague. Night and morning it must be her dearest prayer that the man who shall take her girl from her shall be worthy of her girl. And the importance to the man, though not so strongly felt, is equal. As it is not his lot to rise and fall in the world as his partner may succeed or the reverse, the image of a wife does not force itself upon his thoughts so vividly as does that of a husband on the female mind; but, as she is dependent on him for all honor, so he is on her for all happiness. It suits us to speak of love as a soft, sweet, flowery pastime, with many roses and some thorns, in which youth is apt to disport itself; but there is no father, no mother, no daughter, and should be no son, blind to the fact that of all matters concerning life, it is the most important. That Ovid's "Art of Love" was nothing, much worse than nothing, we admit. But nevertheless the art is taught. Before the moment comes in which heart is given to heart, the imagination has been instructed as to what should accompany the gift, and what should be expected in accompaniment; in what way the gift should be made, and after what assurance; for how long a period silence should be held, and then how far speech should be unguarded.

By those who do not habitually read at all, the work is done somewhat roughly, — we will not say thoughtlessly, but with little of those precautions which education demands. With those who do read, all that literature gives them helps them somewhat in the operation of which we are speaking. History tells us much of love's efficacy, and much of the evil that comes from the want of it. Biography is of course full of it. Philosophy deals with it. Poetry is hardly poetry without it. The drama is built on it almost as exclusively as are the novels. But it is from novels that the crowd of expectant and ready pupils obtain that constant flow of easy teaching which fills the mind of all readers with continual thoughts of love. The importance of the teaching is mainly to the young, but the existence of the teaching is almost equally present to the old. Why is it that the judge when he escapes from the bench, the bishop even, — as we are told, — when he comes from his confirmation, the politician as he sits in the library of

the House, the cabinet minister when he has a half-hour to himself, the old dowager in almost all the hours which she has to herself, — seek for distraction and reaction in the pages of a novel? It is because there is an ever-recurring delight in going back to the very rudiments of those lessons in love.

"My dear," says the loving but only half-careful mother to her daughter, "I wish you wouldn't devote so many of your hours to novel-reading. How far have you got with your Gibbon?" Whereupon the young lady reads a page or two of Gibbon, and then goes back to her novels. The mother knows that her girl is good, and does not make herself unhappy. Is she justified in her security by the goodness of the teaching? There is good and bad, no doubt. In speaking of good and bad we are not alluding to virtue and vice themselves, but to the representations made of them. If virtue be made ridiculous, no description of it will be serviceable. If vice be made alluring, the picture will certainly be injurious. Sydney Smith, as far as it went, did an injury to morality at large when he declared in one of his letters that the prime minister of the day was "faithful to Mrs. Percival." Desiring to make the prime minister ridiculous, he endeavored to throw a stoic at that domesticity which the prime minister was supposed to cherish, and doing so he taught evil. Gay did injury to morality when he persuaded all the town to sympathize with a thief. The good teaching of a novel may be evinced as much in displaying the base as the noble, if the base be made to look base as the noble is made to look noble.

If we look back to the earlier efforts of English novel-writing, the lessons taught were too often bad. Though there was a wide world of British fiction before the time of Charles the Second, it generally took the shape of the drama, and of that, whether good or bad, in its results we have at present nothing to say. The prose romances were few in number, and entertained so limited an audience that they were not efficacious for good or evil. The people would flock to see plays, where plays could be produced for them, as in London, — but did not as yet care to feed their imaginations by reading. Then came the novelists of Charles the Second, who, though they are less profligate and also more stupid than is generally supposed of them, could certainly do no good to the mind of any reader. Of our novelists the first really known is Defoe, who, though

he was born almost within the Commonwealth, did not produce his "Robinson Crusoe" till the time of George the First. "Robinson Crusoe" did not deal with love. Defoe's other stories, which are happily forgotten, are bad in their very essence. "Roxana" is an accurate sample of what a bad book may be. It relates the adventures of a woman thoroughly depraved, and yet for the most part successful,—is intended to attract by its licentiousness, and puts off till the end the stale scrap of morality which is brought in as a salve to the conscience of the writer. Putting aside "Robinson Crusoe," which has been truly described as an accident, Defoe's teaching as a novelist has been altogether bad. Then, mentioning only the names which are well known to us, we come first to Richardson, who has been called the inventor of the modern English novel. It certainly was his object to write of love, so that young women might be profited by what he wrote,—and we may say that he succeeded. It cannot be doubted that he had a strong conscience in his work,—that he did not write only to please, or only for money, or only for reputation, nor for those three causes combined; but that he might do good to those for whom he was writing. In this respect he certainly was the inventor of the modern English novel. That his works will ever become popular again we doubt. Macaulay expressed an exaggerated praise for "Clarissa," which brought forth new editions,—even an abridgment of the novel; but the tone is too melancholy, and is played too exclusively on a single string for the taste of a less patient age. Nor would his teaching, though it was good a hundred and thirty years ago, be good now. Against the horrors to which his heroine was subjected, it is not necessary to warn our girls in this safer age,—or to speak of them.

Of Fielding and Smollett,—whom, however, it is unfair to bracket,—it can hardly be said that their conscience was as clear in the matter of what they wrote as was that of Richardson, though probably each of them felt that the aim he had in view was to satirize vice. Defoe might have said the same. But when the satirist lingers lovingly over the vice which he castigates so as to allure by his descriptions, it may be doubted whether he does much service to morality. Juvenal was perhaps the sternest moral censor whom the world of letters has produced; but he was, and even in his own age must have been felt to be, a most lascivious writer. Fielding, who in the construction of a

story and the development of a character is supreme among novelists, is, we think, open to the same reproach. That Smollett was so the readers of "Roderick Random" and his other stories are well aware; and in him the fault was more conspicuous than in Fielding,—without the great redeeming gifts. Novelists followed, one after another, whose tales were good enough to remain in our memories, though we cannot say that their work was effective for any special purpose. Among those Goldsmith was the first and the greatest. His "Vicar of Wakefield" has taken a hold on our national literature equalled perhaps by no other novel.

It is not my purpose to give a history of English fiction. Its next conspicuous phase was that of the awe-striking mysterious romances, such as "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and "The Italian," by which we may say no such lessons were taught as those of which we are speaking, either for good or bad. The perusal of them left little behind beyond a slightly morbid tone of the imagination. They excited no passions, and created no beliefs. There was Godwin, a man whose mind was prone to revel in the injuries which an unfortunate might be subjected to by the injustice of the world; and Mrs. Inchbald, who longed to be passionate, though in the "Simple Story," by which we know her, she hardly rose to the height of passion; and Miss Burney, who was a Richardson in petticoats, but with a woman's closer appreciation of the little details of life. After them, or together with them, and together also with the names which will follow them, flourished the Rosa Matilda school of fiction, than which the desire to have something to read has produced nothing in literature more vapid or more mean. Up to this time there was probably no recognized attempt on the part of the novelist himself, except by Richardson, and perhaps by Miss Burney, to teach any lesson, to give out any code of morals, to preach as it were a sermon from his pulpit, as the parson preaches his sermon. The business was chance business,—the tendency being good if the tendency of the mind of the worker was good; or bad if that was bad. Then came Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen, who, the one in Ireland and the other in England, determined to write tales which should have a wholesome bearing. In this they were thoroughly successful, and were the first to convince the British matron that her darling girl might be amused by light literature without injury to her purity. For there had been

about Miss Burney, in spite of her morality, a smell of the torchlights of iniquity, which had been offensive to the nose of the ordinary British matron. Miss Edgeworth, indeed, did fall away a little towards the end of her long career; but, as we all know, a well-established character may bear a considerable strain. Miss Austen from first to last was the same,—with no touch of rampant fashion. Her young ladies indeed are very prone to look for husbands; but when this is done with proper reticence, with no flavor of gaslight, the British matron can excuse a little evil in that direction for the sake of the good.

Then Scott arose, who still towers among us as the first of novelists. He himself tells us that he was prompted to write Scotch novels by the success of Miss Edgeworth's Irish tales. "Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be done for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth achieved for Ireland." It no doubt was the case that the success of Miss Edgeworth stimulated him to prose fiction; but we cannot but feel that there must have been present to him from first to last, through his long career of unprecedented success, a conviction of his duty as a teacher. In all those pages, in the telling of those incidents between men and women, in all those narratives of love, there is not a passage which a mother would feel herself constrained to keep from the eye of her daughter. It has been said that Scott is passionless in his descriptions of love. He moves us to our heart's core by his Meg Merrilies, his Edie Ochiltree, his Balfour of Burley, and a hundred other such characters; but no one sheds a tear over the sorrows of Flora Mac Ivor, Edith Bellenden, or Julia Mannering. When we weep for Lucy Ashton, it is because she is to be married to one she does not love, not because of her love. But in admitting this we ought to acknowledge at the same time the strain which Scott put upon himself so that he should not be carried away into the seducing language of ill-regulated passion. When he came to tell the story of unfortunate love, to describe the lot in life of a girl who had fallen,—when he created Effie Deans,—then he could be passionate. But together with this he possessed the greater power of so telling even that story, that the lesson from beginning to end should be salutary.

From Scott downwards I will mention no names till we come to those which I

have prefixed to this paper. There have been English novelists by the score,—by the hundred we may say. Some of them have been very weak; some utterly inefficient for good or evil; some undoubtedly mischievous in their tendencies. But there has accompanied their growth a general conviction that it behoves the English novelist to be pure. As on the English stage and with the English periodical press, both scurrility and lasciviousness may now and again snatch a temporary success; so it is with English fiction. We all know the writers who endeavor to be so nearly lascivious that they may find an audience among those whose taste lies in that direction. But such is not the taste of the nation at large; and these attempts at impropriety, these longings to be as bold and wicked as some of our neighbors, do not pay in the long run. While a true story of genuine love, well told, will win the heart of the nation and raise the author to a high position among the worthies of his country, the prurient dabbler in lust hardly becomes known beyond a special class. The number of those who read novels has become millions in England during the last twenty five years. In our factories, with our artisans, behind our counters, in third-class railway carriages, in our kitchens and stables, novels are now read unceasingly. Much reaches those readers that is poor. Much that is false in sentiment and faulty in art no doubt finds its way with them. But indecency does not thrive with them, and when there comes to them a choice of good or bad, they choose the better. There has grown up a custom of late, especially among tea-dealers, to give away a certain number of books among their poorer customers. When so much tea has been consumed, then shall a book be given. It came to my ears the other day that eighteen thousand volumes of Dickens's works had just been ordered for this purpose. The bookseller suggested that a little novelty might be expedient. Would the benevolent tea-dealer like to vary his presents? But no! The tradesman, knowing his business, and being anxious above all things to attract, declared that Dickens was what he wanted. He had found that the tea-consuming world preferred their Dickens.

In wide-spread popularity the novels of Charles Dickens have, I believe, exceeded those of any other British novelist, though they have not yet reached that open market of unrestricted competition which a book reaches only when its copyright has run out. Up to this present time over

eight hundred thousand copies of "Pickwick" have been sold in this country, and the book is still copyright property. In saying this I make no individual comparison between Scott and Dickens. I may, indeed, be in error in supposing the circulation of "Waverley" to have been less. As it is open to any bookseller to issue Scott's novels, it would be difficult to arrive at a correct number. Our object is simply to show what has been the circulation of a popular novel in Great Britain. The circulation outside the home market has been probably as great,—perhaps greater, as American readers are more numerous than the English. Among the millions of those into whose hands these hundreds of thousands of volumes have fallen, there can hardly be one who has not received some lesson from what he has read. It may be that many dissent from the mode of telling which Dickens adopted in his stories, that they are indifferent to the stories themselves, that they question the taste, and fail to interest themselves in the melodramatic incidents and unnatural characters which it was his delight to portray. All that has no bearing on the issue which we now attempt to raise. The teaching of which we are speaking is not instruction as to taste, or art,—is not instruction as to style or literary excellence. By such lessons as Dickens taught will the young man learn to be honest or dishonest, noble or ignoble? Will the girl learn to be modest or brazen-faced? Will greed be engendered and self-indulgence? Will a taste for vicious pleasure be created? Will the young of either sex be taught to think it is a grand thing to throw off the conventional rules which the wisdom of the world has established for its guidance; or will they unconsciously learn from the author's pages to recognize the fact that happiness is to be obtained by obeying, and not by running counter to the principles of morality? Let memory run back for a few moments over these stories, and it will fail to find an immodest girl who has been made alluring to female readers, or an ill-conditioned youth whose career a lad would be tempted to envy. No ridicule is thrown on marriage constancy; no gilding is given to fictitious pleasure; no charm is lent to debauchery. Pickwick may be softer, and Ralph Nickleby harder than the old men whom we know in the world; but the lessons which they teach are all in favor of a soft heart, all strongly opposed to hardness of heart. "What an impossible dear old duffer that

Pickwick is!" a lady said to me the other day, criticising the character as I thought very correctly. Quite impossible, and certainly a duffer,—if I understand the latter phrase,—but so dear! That an old man, as he grows old, should go on loving everybody around him, loving the more the older he grows, running over with philanthropy, and happy through it all in spite of the susceptibility of Mrs. Bardell and the fallings off of Mr. Winkle! That has been the lesson taught by "Pickwick;" and though probably but few readers have so believed in Pickwick as to think that nature would produce such a man, still they have been unconsciously taught the sweetness of human love.

Such characters as those of Lord Frederick Veresopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk have often been drawn by dramatists and novelists,—too frequently with a dash of affectation,—in a manner qualified to conceal in the mind of the unappreciating reader the vices of the men under the brightness of their trappings. Has any young man been made to wish that he should be such as Lord Frederick Veresopht, or should become such as Sir Mulberry Hawk? Kate Nickleby is not to us an entirely natural young woman. She lacks human life. But the girls who have read her adventures have all learned to acknowledge the beauty and the value of modesty. It is not your daughter, my reader, who has needed such a lesson; but think of the eight hundred thousands!

Of all Dickens's novels "Oliver Twist" is perhaps artistically the best, as in it the author adheres most tenaciously to one story, and interests us most thoroughly by his plot. But the characters are less efficacious for the teaching of lessons than in his other tales. Neither can Bill Sikes nor Nancy, nor can even the great Bumble, be credited with having been of much service by deterring readers from vice; but then neither have they allured readers, as has been done by so many writers of fiction who have ventured to deal with the world's reprobates.

In "Martin Chuzzlewit," in "David Copperfield," in "Bleak House," and "Little Dorrit," the tendency of which I speak will be found to be the same. It is indeed carried through every work that he wrote. To whom has not kindness of heart been made beautiful by Tom Pinch, and hypocrisy odious by Pecksniff? The peculiar abominations of Pecksniff's daughters are made to be abominable to the least attentive reader. Unconsciously the girl-reader declares to herself that she

will not at any rate be like that. This is the mode of teaching which is in truth serviceable. Let the mind be induced to sympathize warmly with that which is good and true, or be moved to hatred against that which is vile, and then an impression will have been made, certainly serviceable, and probably ineradicable. It may be admitted in regard to Dickens's young ladies that they lack nature. Dora, Nelly, Little Dorrit, Florence Dombey, and a host of others crowd upon our memory, not as shadows of people we have really known, — as do Jeanie Deans, for instance, and Jane Eyre; but they have affected us as personifications of tenderness and gentle feminine gifts. We have felt each character to contain, not a woman, but something which will help to make many women. The Boythorns, Tulkinghorns, Cheerybles and Pickwicks, may be as unlike nature as they will. They are unlike nature. But they nevertheless charm the reader, and leave behind on the palate of his mind a sweet savor of humanity. Our author's heroes, down to Smike, are often outrageous in their virtues. But their virtues are virtues. Truth, gratitude, courage, and manly self-respect are qualities which a young man will be made not only to admire, but to like, by his many hours spent over these novels. And so it will be with young women as to modesty, reticence, and unselfish devotion.

The popularity of Thackeray has been very much less extended than that of Dickens, and the lessons which he has taught have not, therefore, been scattered afield so widely. Dickens, to use a now common phrase, has tapped a stratum lower in education and wealth, and therefore much wider, than that reached by his rival. The genius of Thackeray was of a nature altogether different. Dickens delighted much in depicting with very broad lines very well-known vices under impossible characters, but was, perhaps, still more thoroughly at home in representing equally well-known virtues after the same fashion. His Pinches and Cheerybles were nearer to him than his Ralph Nicklebys and his Pecksniffs. It seems specially to have been the work of Thackeray to cover with scorn the vices which in his hands were displayed in persons who were only too realistic. With him there is no touch of melodrama. From first to last you are as much at home with Barry Lyndon, the most complete rascal, perhaps, that ever was drawn, as with your wife, or your private secretary, if you have one, or the servant who waits upon you daily. And when he turns from the

strength of his rascals to the weaker idiosyncrasies of those whom you are to love for their virtues, he is equally efficacious. Barry Lyndon was a man of infinite intellectual capacity, which is more than we can say for Colonel Newcome. But was there ever a gentleman more sweet, more lovable, more thoroughly a gentleman at all points, than the colonel? How many a young lad has been taught to know how a gentleman should think, and how a gentleman should act and speak, by the thoughts and words and doings of the colonel! I will not say that Barry Lyndon's career has deterred many from rascaldom, as such a career can only be exceptional; but it has certainly enticed no lad to follow it.

"Vanity Fair," though not in my opinion the best, is the best-known of Thackeray's works. Readers, though they are delighted, are not satisfied with it, because Amelia Sedley is silly, because Osborne is selfish, because Dobbin is ridiculous, and because Becky Sharp alone is clever and successful, — while at the same time she is as abominable as the genius of a satirist can make her. But let him or her who has read the book think of the lessons which have been left behind by it. Amelia is a true loving woman, who can love her husband even though he be selfish — loving, as a woman should love, with enduring devotion. Whatever is charming in her attracts; what is silly repels. The character of Osborne is necessary to that of Dobbin, who is one of the finest heroes ever drawn. Unselfish, brave, modest, forgiving, affectionate, manly all over, — his is just the character to teach a lesson. Tell a young man that he ought to be modest, that he ought to think more of the heart of the girl he loves than of his own, that even in the pursuit of fame he should sacrifice himself to others, and he will ridicule your advice and you too. But if you can touch his sentiment, get at him in his closet, — or perhaps rather his smoking-room, — without his knowing it, bring a tear to his eye and perhaps a throb to his throat, and then he will have learned something of that which your less impressive lecture was incapable of teaching. As for Becky Sharp, it is not only that she was false, unfeminine, and heartless. Such attributes no doubt are in themselves unattractive. But there is not a turn in the telling of the story which, in spite of her success, does not show the reader how little is gained, how much is lost, by the exercise of that depraved ingenuity.

Pendennis is an unsteady, ambitious, clever but idle young man, with excellent

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aspirations and purposes, but hardly trustworthy. He is by no means such a one as an anxious father would wish to put before his son as an example. But he is lifelike. Clever young men, ambitious but idle and vacillating, are met every day, whereas the gift of persistency in a young man is uncommon. The *Pendennis* phase of life is one into which clever young men are apt to run. The character if alluring would be dangerous. If reckless idle conceit had carried everything before it in the story, — if *Pendennis* had been made to be noble in the midst of his foibles, — the lesson taught would have been bad. But the picture which becomes gradually visible to the eyes of the reader is the reverse of this. Though *Pendennis* is, as it were, saved at last by the enduring affection of two women, the idleness and the conceit and the vanity, the littleness of the *savant* great young man, are treated with so much disdain as to make the idlest and vainest of male readers altogether for the time out of love with idleness and vanity. And as for *Laura*, the younger of the two women by whom he is saved, she who becomes his wife, — surely no female character ever drawn was better adapted than hers to teach that mixture of self-negation, modesty, and affection which is needed for the composition of the ideal woman whom we love to contemplate.

Of Colonel Newcome we have already spoken. Of all the characters drawn by Thackeray it is the most attractive, and it is so because he is a man *sans peur* and *sans reproche*. He is not a clever old man, — not half so amusing as that worldly old gentleman, Major *Pendennis*, with whom the reader of the former novel will have become acquainted, — but he is one who cannot lie, who cannot do a mean thing, who can wear his gown as a bedesman in the Grey Friars Hospital, — for to that he comes, — with all the honor that can hang about a judge's ermine.

"Esmond" is undoubtedly Thackeray's greatest work, — not only because in it his story is told with the directest purpose, with less of vague wandering than in the others, — but by reason also of the force of the characters portrayed. The one to which we will specially call attention is that of Beatrix, the younger heroine of the story. Her mother, Lady Castlewood, is an elder heroine. The term as applied to the personages of a modern novel, — as may be said also of hero, — is not very appropriate; but it is the word which will best convey the intended meaning to the reader. Nothing

sadder than the story of Beatrix can be imagined, — nothing sadder though it falls so infinitely short of tragedy. But we speak specially of it here, because we believe its effect on the minds of girls who read it to be thoroughly salutary. Beatrix is a girl endowed with great gifts. She has birth, rank, fortune, intellect, and beauty. She is blessed with that special combination of feminine loveliness and feminine wit which men delight to encounter. The novelist has not merely said that it is so, but has succeeded in bringing the girl before us with such vivid power of portraiture that we know her, what she is, down to her shoe-ties, — know her, first to the loving of her, and then to the hating of her. She becomes as she goes on the object of Esmond's love, — and could she permit her heart to act in this matter, she too would love him. She knows well that he is a man worthy to be loved. She is encouraged to love him by outward circumstances. Indeed, she does love him. But she has decided within her own bosom that the world is her oyster, which has to be opened by her, being a woman, not by her sword but by her beauty. Higher rank than her own, greater fortune, a bigger place in the world's eyes, grander jewels, have to be won. Harry Esmond, oh, how good he is; how fit to be the lord of any girl, — if only he were a duke, or such like! This is her feeling, and this is her resolve. Then she sets her cap at a duke, a real duke, and almost gets him, — would have got him only her duke is killed in a duel before she has been made a duchess. After that terrible blow she sinks lower still in her low ambition. A scion of banished royalty comes dangling after her, and she, thinking that the scion may be restored to his royal grandeur, would fain become the mistress of a king.

It is a foul career, the reader will say; and there may be some who would ask whether such is the picture which should be presented to the eyes of a young girl by those who are anxious, not only for the amusement of her leisure hours, but also for her purity and worth. It might be asked, also, whether the commandments should be read in her ears, lest she should be taught to steal and to murder. Beautiful as Beatrix is, attractive, clever, charming, — prone as the reader is to sympathize with Esmond in his love for this winning creature, — yet by degrees the vileness becomes so vile, the ulcered sores are so revolting, the whitened sepulchre is seen to be so foul within, that the girl who reads the book is driven to say, "Not like that;

not like that! Whatever fate may have in store for me, let it not be like that." And this conviction will not come from any outward suffering, — not from poverty, ill-usage, from loss of beauty or youth. No condign punishment of that easy kind is inflicted. But the vice is made to be so ugly, so heartbreaking to the wretched victim who has encouraged it, that it strikes the beholder with horror. Vice is heartbreaking to its victim. The difficulty is to teach the lesson, — to bring the truth home. Sermons too often fail to do it. The little story in which Tom the naughty boy breaks his leg, while Jack the good boy gets apples, does not do it. The broken leg and the apples do not find credence. Beatrix in her misery is believed to be miserable.

I will not appeal to further instances of good teaching among later British novelists, having endeavored to exemplify my meaning by the novels of two masters who have appeared among us in latter days, whose works are known to all of us, and who have both departed from among us; but I think that I am entitled to vindicate the character of the British novelist generally from aspersions often thrown upon it by quoting the works of those to whom I have referred. And I am anxious also to vindicate that public taste in literature which has created and nourished the novelist's work. There still exists the judgment, — prejudice, I think I may call it, — which condemns it. It is not operative against the reading of novels, as is proved by their general acceptance. But it exists strongly in reference to the appreciation in which they are professed to be held, and it robs them of much of that high character which they may claim to have earned by their grace, their honesty, and good teaching.

By the consent of all mankind who read, poetry takes the highest place in literature. That nobility of expression, and all but divine grace of words, which she is bound to attain before she can make her footing good, is not compatible with prose. Indeed, it is that which turns prose into poetry. When that has been in truth achieved, the reader knows that the writer has soared above the earth, and can teach his lessons somewhat as a god might teach. He who sits down to write his tale in prose makes no such attempt, nor does he dream that the poet's honor is within his reach. But his teaching is of the same nature, and his lessons tend to the same end. By either, false sentiment may be fostered, false notions of humanity may be engen-

dered, false honor, false love, false worship may be created; by either, vice instead of virtue may be taught. But by each equally may true honor, true love, true worship, and true humanity be inculcated; and that will be the greatest teacher who will spread such truth the widest. At present, much as novels, as novels, are sought and read, there still exists an idea — a feeling which is very prevalent — that novels at their best are but innocent. Young men and women — and old men and women too — read more of them than they read of poetry because such reading is easier; but they read them as men eat pastry after dinner, — not without some inward conviction that the taste is vain if not vicious. We think that it is not vicious or vain, — unless indeed the employment be allowed to interfere with the graver duties of life.

A greater proportion of the teaching of the day than any of us have as yet acknowledged comes, no doubt, from the reading of these books. Whether the teaching be good or bad, that is the case. It is from them that girls learn what is expected from them, and what they are to expect when lovers come; and also from them that young men unconsciously learn what are, or should be, or may be, the charms of love. Other lessons also are taught. In these days, when the desire to be honest is pressed so hard on the heel by the ambition to be great, in which riches are the easiest road to greatness; when the temptations to which men are subjected dull their eyes to the perfected iniquities of others; when it is so hard for a man to decide vigorously that the pitch which so many are handling will defile him if it be touched, — men's conduct will be actuated much by that which is from day to day depicted to them as leading to glorious or inglorious results. The woman who is described as having obtained all that the world holds to be precious by lavishing her charms and caresses unworthily and heartlessly, will induce other women to do the same with theirs; as will she who is made interesting by exhibition of bold passion teach others to be spuriously passionate. The young man who in a novel becomes a hero, — perhaps a member of Parliament or almost a prime minister, — by trickery, falsehood, and flash cleverness, will have as many followers in his line as Jack Sheppard or Macheath will have in theirs; and will do, if not as wide, a deeper mischief.

To the novelist, thinking of all this, it must surely become a matter of deep conscience how he shall handle those characters by whose words and doings he hopes

to interest his readers. It may frequently be the case that he will be tempted to sacrifice something for effect; to say a word or two here, or to draw a picture there, for which he feels that he has the power, and which, when spoken or drawn, would be alluring. The regions of absolute vice are foul and odious. The savor of them, till custom has hardened the palate and the nose, is disgusting. In these he will hardly tread. But there are outskirts on these regions in which sweet-smelling flowers seem to grow and grass to be green. It is in these border-lands that the danger lies. The novelist may not be dull. If he commit that fault, he can do neither harm nor good. He must please; and the flowers and the soft grass in those neutral territories sometimes seem to give too easy an opportunity of pleasing!

The writer of stories must please, or he will be nothing. And he must teach, whether he wish to teach or not. How shall he teach lessons of virtue, and at the same time make himself a delight to his readers? Sermons in themselves are not thought to be agreeable; nor are disquisitions on moral philosophy supposed to be pleasant reading for our idle hours. But the novelist, if he have a conscience, must preach his sermons with the same purpose as the clergyman, and must have his own system of ethics. If he can do this efficiently, if he can make virtue alluring and vice ugly, while he charms his reader instead of wearying him, then we think that: he should not be spoken of generally as being among those workers of iniquity who do evil in their generation. So many have done so, that the English novelists as a class may, we think, boast that such has been the result of their work. Can any one, by search through the works of the fine writers whose names we have specially mentioned, — Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, — find a scene, a passage, or a word that could teach a girl to be immodest or a man to be dishonest? When men in their pages have been described as dishonest, or women as immodest, has not the reader in every instance been deterred by the example and its results? It is not for the novelist to say simply and baldly: "Because you lied here, or were heartless there; because you, Lydia Bennet, forgot the lessons of your honest home, or you, Earl Leicester, were false through your ambition, or you, Beatrix, loved too well the glitter of the world, therefore you shall be scourged with scourges either here or hereafter;" but it is for him to show, as he carries on his

tale, that his Lydia, or his Leicester, or his Beatrix, will be dishonored in the estimation of all by his or her vices. Let a woman be drawn clever, beautiful, attractive, so as to make men love her and women almost envy her; and let her be made also heartless, unfeminine, ambitious of evil grandeur, as was Beatrix, — what danger is there not in such a character! To the novelist who shall handle it, what peril of doing harm! But if at last it has been so handled that every girl who reads of Beatrix shall say: "Oh, not like that! let me not be like that!" and that every youth shall say: "Let me not have such a one as that to press to my bosom, — anything rather than that!" then will not the novelist have preached his sermon as perhaps no other preacher can preach it?

Very much of a novelist's work, as we have said above, must appertain to the intercourse between young men and young women. It is admitted that a novel can hardly be made interesting or successful without love. Some few might be named in which the attempt has been made, but even in them it fails. "Pickwick" has been given as an exception to this rule, but even in "Pickwick" there are three or four sets of lovers whose amatory flutterings give a softness to the work. In this frequent allusion to the passion which most strongly stirs the imagination of the young, there must be danger, as the novelist is necessarily aware. Then the question has to be asked, whether the danger may not be so handled that good shall be the result, and to be answered. The subject is necessary to the novelist, because it is interesting to all; but as it is interesting to all, so will the lessons taught respecting it be widely received. Every one feels it, has felt it, or expects to feel it, — or else regrets it with an eagerness which still perpetuates the interest. If the novelist, therefore, can so treat his subject as to do good by his treatment of it, the good done will be very wide. If a writer can teach politicians and statesmen that they can do their work better by truth than by falsehood, he does a great service; but it is done in the first instance to a limited number of persons. But if he can make young men and women believe that truth in love will make them happy, then, if his writings be popular, he will have a very large class of pupils. No doubt that fear which did exist as to novels came from the idea that this matter of love would be treated in an inflammatory and unwholesome manner. "Madam," says Sir Anthony in the play, "a circulating library in

a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge. It blossoms through the year, and, depend upon it, Mrs. Malaprop, they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last." Sir Anthony, no doubt, was right. But he takes it for granted that longing for the fruit is an evil. The novelist thinks differently, and believes that the honest love of an honest man is a treasure which a good girl may fairly hope to win, and that, if she can be taught to wish only for that, she will have been taught to entertain only wholesome wishes.

There used to be many who thought, and probably there are some who still think, that girl should hear nothing of love till the time comes in which she is to be married. That was the opinion of Sir Anthony Absolute and of Mrs. Malaprop. But we doubt whether the old system was more favorable to purity of manners than that which we have adopted of late. Lydia Languish, though she was constrained by fear of her aunt to hide the book, yet had "Peregrine Pickle" in her collection. While human nature talks of love so forcibly, it can hardly serve our turn to be silent on the subject. "*Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret.*" There are countries in which it has been in accordance with the manners of the upper classes that the girl should be brought to marry the man almost out of the nursery, — or rather, perhaps, out of the convent, — without having enjoyed any of that freedom of thought which the reading of novels and poetry will certainly produce; but we do not know that the marriages so made have been thought to be happier than our own.

Among English novels of the present day, and among English novelists, a great division is made. There are sensational novels, and anti-sensational; sensational novelists, and anti-sensational; sensational readers, and anti-sensational. The novelists who are considered to be anti-sensational are generally called realistic. The readers who prefer the one are supposed to take delight in the elucidation of character. They who hold by the other are charmed by the construction and gradual development of a plot. All this we think to be a mistake, — which mistake arises from the inability of the inferior artist to be at the same time realistic and sensational. A good novel should be both, — and both in the highest degree. If a novel fail in either, there is a failure in art. Let those readers who fancy that they do not like sensational scenes, think of some of

those passages from our great novelists which have charmed them most, — of Rebecca in the castle with Ivanhoe; of Burley in the cave with Morton; of the mad lady tearing the veil of the expectant bride in "Jane Eyre"; of Lady Castlewood as, in her indignation, she explains to the Duke of Hamilton Harry Esmond's right to be present at the marriage of his Grace with Beatrice. Will any one say that the authors of these passages have sinned in being over-sensational? No doubt a string of horrible incidents, bound together without truth in details, and told as affecting personages without character, — wooden blocks who cannot make themselves known to readers as men and women, — does not instruct, or amuse, or even fill the mind with awe. Horrors heaped upon horrors, which are horrors only in themselves, and not as touching any recognized and known person, are not tragic, and soon cease even to horrify. Such would-be tragic elements of a story may be increased without end and without difficulty. The narrator may tell of a woman murdered, murdered in the same street with you, in the next house; may say that she was a wife murdered by her husband, a bride not yet a week a wife. He may add to it forever. He may say that the murderer burnt her alive. There is no end to it. He may declare that a former wife was treated with equal barbarity, and that the murderer when led away to execution declared his sole regret to be that he could not live to treat a third after the same fashion. There is nothing so easy as the creation and cumulation of fearful incidents after this fashion. If such creation and cumulation be the beginning and the end of the novelist's work, — and novels have been written which seem to be without other attraction, — nothing can be more dull and nothing more useless. But not on that account are we averse to tragedy in prose fiction. As in poetry, so in prose, he who can deal adequately with tragic elements is a greater artist, and reaches a higher aim, than the writer whose efforts never carry him above the mild walks of everyday life. "The Bride of Lammermoor" is a tragedy throughout in spite of its comic elements. The life of Lady Castlewood is a tragedy. Rochester's wretched thrall-dom to his mad wife in "Jane Eyre" is a tragedy. But these stories charm us, not simply because they are tragic, but because we feel that men and women with flesh and blood, creatures with whom we can sympathize, are struggling amidst their woes. It all lies in that. No novel is

anything, for purposes either of comedy or tragedy, unless the reader can sympathize with the characters whose names he finds upon the page. Let the author so tell his tale as to touch his reader's heart and draw his reader's tears, and he has so far done his work well. Truth let there be,—truth of description, truth of character, human truth as to men and women. If there be such truth, I do not know that a novel can be too sensational.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

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THE BRIDE'S PASS.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

EVENTS SHAPE THEMSELVES.—A FISH-  
ER'S STRAIT.

THE report of the coming marriage circulated speedily, with characteristic rejoicings and lamentations—the last much less defined and audible—through two households, the manse and Drumchatt.

The Drumchatt retainers, though a little reluctant to lose their comparative liberty as a bachelor's household, and a little jealous for the young laird's honor in mating with nobody higher than the minister's daughter, were at the same time accustomed to the predominance of the manse influence up at the old mansion-house among the hills. The servants were used to the gentle presence of Unah, who had grown up like a daughter of Drumchatt, and recommended herself to every gillie and dog-boy among them by the absence of assumption on her part, and by her familiar knowledge of their lives and interests. And the men and women were easily reconciled to the direction in which their sultan had thrown his handkerchief.

In the manse household, Malise Gow was especially uplifted by the news, which was yet scarcely news to him, for, like his mistress, he had projected the marriage since the couple were children, learning their lessons and playing with Miss Unah's dolls in company. However, Malise swaggered and vaporized about our young master up at Drumchatt, our carriage and new furniture that were to be, our own lady's taking precedence even over Lady Moydart and Sir Duncan's lady in all future Ford games, because it was Drumchatt who was lord of the manor at the Ford. Malise

behaved himself in a manner not altogether becoming in a Christian who was given to professing himself the vilest of the vile, a moth of the day, a worm of the dust, until Jenny Reach saw herself compelled to call her fellow-servant to account. "We are not out of the wood yet," she asserted with provoking dubiousness; "and even if we were, there are as good sticks left behind as that we have got. Oh, ay, Drumchatt is of an old family, a very old family—grown mouldy, if you will—and not without the thick clay of loose-lying siller, forby the bare moors, and he's a pretty enough young man. I've no quarrel with his appearance, save that it would better serve a pinging lassie than a bold lad, if he were as stout as he is well enough favored. But the whole race in my day have had no more pith than a slip of saugh that you can bend between your fingers, and their life has gone out like the snuff of a candle. Oh, ay, the mistress says he has got over the family weakness. Well, I've no objection, poor lad, only I've a notion he's not got his turkey's neck, his falling shoulders, his pink and white cheeks, and winter cough for nothing. The mistress says, too, that she finds Drumchatt's affliction has been blest to him, which is the great matter. With all my heart I say again, but I cannot see any difference in the young man from other young men, save that he has not the ability to run wild and get into splores, such as you have some knowledge of, Malise."

"Jenny," began Malise furiously, "I am afraid you are little better than a scoffer; and if you can lightly taunt me with what is my bitter sorrow, well, I must take that, too, as part of my punishment."

"Hout! I did not mean you to take it like that, Malise," said Jenny a little compunctionsly; "why will you always be so much in earnest?"

"And why will you always make a mock at natural affection, and sorrow, and sin itself?"

Malise directed the counter-charge passionately. But this was going too far, in Jenny's estimation.

"As to scoffing," she returned, to his earlier accusation, "who is the scoffer? He who moralizes on misfortunes—let us say at once, of the Lord's sending—and twists and makes use of them without fear or remorse to serve his own ends, or the body who cannot help seeing through the dream?"

But Malise, with his *tête montée* matching his irascibility, was incapable of following such reasoning.

The summer neighbors of the couple, the Moydarts of Castle Moydart, and the Hopkinses of the Frean, heard the tidings on the eve of their flight.

The Moydarts, with more or less interest in the natives, agreed that it was an excellent and suitable arrangement, which had their entire approbation, and would receive their congratulations as soon as they returned next August.

The Hopkinses stared and shrugged their shoulders a little. That girl at the manse to be a bride! She was treated as a mere child, though she was no child in reality, only she was suffered to run wild in spite of her mother's pretensions. Unah Macdonald had not a gown worth a guinea, or one made in a fashion that Minnet, Miss "Laura's" maid, would not despise to adopt. Unah Macdonald had no beauty, no style, she had not an accomplishment. She could play nothing on the old rattlebox, her mother's grand piano—out of place in a manse—except boisterous reels and jigging strathspeys. Certainly, Lady Jean Stewart lent a kind of distinction to such music by condescending to play it at Castle Moydart. But anywhere else it would be beyond the pale of polite society, and utterly unendurable by civilized ears, which had received the inestimable advantage of being trained to listen to classic music with no further relief than was implied by a morsel of Verdi's or Gounod's.

Unah could not sketch; she could not even dance. Her mother's bigotry or poverty had prevented her from so much as learning to dance. Worse still, she could not speak above her breath in general company. She could not come into a room filled with guests without rushing, or stumbling, or sidling like an overgrown schoolgirl; she was a gawky—a tomboy to boot. For although she was too rustic to behave like other girls within doors, out of doors she could perform such Amazonian feats of walking and climbing, crossing stepping-stones for bridges, finding her way on the moors, identifying birds' feathers, and pointing out the pools where fish were to be found, as no well-brought-up, ladylike girl ought to be fit for.

There was only one thing which prevented the Hopkinses from deciding that the announced marriage of Drumchatt (the English family were not averse to employing the territorial titles of the district)—who was in himself not a bad sort of fellow, or "ungentlemanlike," though he was only a raw, sickly, Highland lad, and thoroughly provincial—did not mean an utter misal-

liance too bad to be passed over, but only a stupid union between natives.

Mrs. and Miss Hopkins had not forgotten to this day what Lady Jean Stewart had said to them the first autumn that they were leaving Fearnavoil. It was in answer to an observation which Mrs. Hopkins had hazarded, that she supposed although Mrs. Macdonald at the manse was a foolish, stuck-up sort of woman, and maintained an absurd establishment for her means, there could be no objection to Mrs. Hopkins sending over for the use of the girl Unah, who was so shabbily dressed, such clothes as Julia did not care to take south with her, and which were at the same time much too good for giving to Sunday-school pupils, or people of that description. Mrs. Hopkins always made a point of lending such assistance to the curate's family at home.

"Of course, you will do as you please, Mrs. Hopkins," said Lady Jean very calmly and sweetly; "but forgive me for saying that I am afraid you do not understand our ways. I know you mean to be generous, but I should not like to have an offer of old clothes made to myself, even though the clothes were not much worn, and had been cast off by a friend like your daughter. Oh, I assure you papa is quite poor, and mamma grudges me my pocket-handkerchiefs. The Macdonalds are much in the same position, perhaps really not so badly off, since they have not a house to keep up in London, or a place in Berkshire, where Neville is to be member, and papa has to spend money to please the electors."

That year of her engagement to which Unah had looked forward as to a lifetime, passed quickly enough, and very like other years. The strange thing was that it did not make Unah much older in heart and mind. Almost certainly, had she been promised in marriage to any other man than to her cousin and old playfellow, Donald of Drumchatt, this year would have seen a great development, and the bursting of the child and girl chrysalis, which had so long enwrapped Unah's womanly nature. As it was, after the crisis of Donald's declaration everything had so soon subsided into the old routine, that the shy, backward girl, clinging to the shelter of her early youth, was tempted to forget that such a crisis had come and gone. Donald, who was always an affectionate fellow, and especially attached to Unah, was not so different in the light of a lover, as to disturb the charmed peace of the sleeping princess by the ardor of

his wooing. The truth was that Donald, whether from mental character or bodily constitution, or in the light of the circumstances, was not much of a lover, but continued from first to last far more of the brotherly cousin who needed Unah and claimed her.

And Unah was well content that it should be so; any more romantic or passionate demonstration would have startled her, and covered her with confusion and fright, as when Donald first asked her to be his wife. Unstartled, she grew accustomed to allusions, and even to early preparations as to matters of course. She ceased to gasp inarticulately, and feel fit to sink into the earth, and oh! so wanting to run away and bury herself in the recesses of the pass or the moors which she knew so well, when any of the humbler parishioners — who were the most cordial and jocose — wished her joy. She left off minding much, when she went — as she had always gone with her father or mother — to Drumchatt, where Donald was confined to the house for several weeks of midwinter as usual. Yet the old housekeeper began to ask the girl's worthless opinion on every little proposed alteration; and Donald's grey-haired manservant, who had brought the boy down to the manse for his lessons, and still addressed Unah as "missy," and who had been promoted to the office of butler, took it upon him to make the invidious distinction, which as yet only amused Mrs Macdonald in place of offending her, of solemnly pouring out Unah's glass of wine before her mother's, and of seizing an opportunity to whisper to her, "When is it to be, missy? Don't put off too long. There's many a slip between the cup and the lip. I have the swords polished ready to be crossed," referring to a custom of the house, by which crossed swords in a certain window of the mansion not only proclaimed in the proper manner to all beholders that there was a marriage celebrated that day among the race of Drumchatt,\* but conferred the invaluable boon of insuring the felicity and worldly prosperity of the couple.

Summer came and went. Each lady birk shook out her green tresses over a gowan-strewn carpet, according to pleasant old figures of speech, and there was not one of Donald's former trustees who made any serious objection to the suitable marriage, even though the more cynical raised their eyebrows and professed to think that the minister of Fearnavoil had played his

cards well for his daughter, where his kinsman, his *ci-devant* charge was concerned. Still the auspicious event remained in the background. This delay occurred partly because Donald was not in a desperate hurry to claim his bride in the middle of the freedom, ease, and cheerful society which summer brought him. But the deferring of the marriage was mainly due to an architect, who had been employed to work some improvement on the old grey house, the weather stains of which were like tear-bLOTS, and lent it a woe-begone aspect. After the fashion of architects, he had not been able to do the little required of him without suggesting more, and turning the whole building topsy-turvy, driving Donald into a corner, and producing a general incompleteness which protracted the fulfilment of his mission from week to week, and rendered it improbable that the house could be fit for a bride's occupation and reception of company till six more months had passed. It appeared certain that Unah would have another winter's reprieve, over which her heart sang. Her spirits grew so gay that she took to teasing Donald with the pretended conviction that he did not care to have her over at Drumchatt at all; while old Callum, who had polished the swords for a display on the marriage, shook his head, and put the weapons back among the store from which he had extracted them. "Missy is fey," he said shortly.

"Away with your feyness and your freitis!" said Jenny Reach, taking Unah's part; "you'll be having the second sight next, and spying us all in our winding-sheets, and that would be a cheerful sight to please a daft auld Highland man. Let charity begin at home, Callum Macdonald. Our Miss Unah is only a foolish young lassie, not worth making a work about, I grant, hardly knowing what she is doing, though she has reached the years of discretion; just such a white-faced, dark-eyed bairn as men run wild after, and as lead others and are led themselves to destruction — that I should say the word of my master and minister's daughter. But masters and ministers are but men, and their daughters no more than women, or silly lassies in this case. However, I'll vouch Miss Unah means no ill, and so I hope she will come to none, as there is nought like to befall her, that I can see; unless indeed it be in buckling with a poor billie like Drumchatt. Oh! you need not gloom, Callum. I'm in a free country, and I'm a free woman to speak my mind."

One afternoon in the first week of Au-

\* "Here lies the race of Yair."

gust, Unah Macdonald found herself not in request either by father, mother, or intended bridegroom, left to her own devices in a happy, if dangerous, state of idleness for the busy season. Mr. Macdonald had set out "to visit," in the Scotch parochial sense, in the remotest part of his parish, fourteen miles long. Mrs. Macdonald was gone on an errand of mercy to converse with an interesting penitent, whose penitence did not yet make her a desirable acquaintance for Unah. Donald of Drumchatt was well enough to be out with his gamekeepers most of the morning in anticipation of the 12th; but this inferred some loss of his company at the manse, since he had not the inexhaustible energy and elasticity of spirit and sinew which might have enabled a young man in his strength to add the ride or walk across the hills between the two houses to his morning's occupation, without the slightest inconvenience.

Unah was the most unexacting and least jealous of mistresses. She was not mortified by finding that grouse or ptarmigan, not to say roe or red deer, promised to be for a time her successful rivals. She was calmly glad that Donald was able to occupy and amuse himself like other gentlemen. In her secret heart, she thought Donald a little in the way when he hung much about the manse as an idle man, though she had been accustomed to the infliction; and she was too kind-hearted to show her feelings, or even to fail to reprove herself for entertaining them, since poor Donald could not altogether help being idle and *dilettante* in all he did. But she could have wished he had been a minister with sermons to write, as well as a study to retire to, like her father, seeing that Donald was not able, in the nature of things, to follow his bent and come out as an active country gentleman or a keen sportsman — who would cheerfully lie down in the open air, ay, in the nipping frost, among the sprinkling of snow of a late autumn or early spring night, watching a wildcat's den or seeking to get a shot at a wild swan.

Therefore Unah did not mind being left alone on the summer afternoon; rather, she prepared to make hay while the sun shone, as she first strolled about the garden, picking up the shed rose-leaves, and coqueting with the half-ripe strawberries, then started to wander down the pass. She carried, as an apology for idleness, her knitting in the pocket of her gown, and in her hand a copy of "Dred," a tale of which Mrs. Macdonald did not

disapprove, being lenient to the book, not so much on its own merits as because it was written by the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Unah was a little better dressed than when she appeared to the reader muddling among her plants and her attempts at art in one of the manse garrets. Yet there would have been room for Miss Laura Hopkins's assertion that Unah Macdonald had never owned a gown worth a guinea. And still there was a predominance of the frock over the gown, though Unah's buff muslin was not cut across by the ankles, and had not short sleeves, or any other attribute of juvenility. Perhaps the youthful air was not in the gown itself, but in the half austere, half careless fashion in which the girl's auburn hair continued to be "shed" — in the old nursery phrase — behind her ears, and disposed of with the least trouble in a rolled round sheaf which, in spite of Mrs. Macdonald's strictures on neatness, would get blown about and wet in stress of weather, or pulled down when Unah poked her head rashly into holes fitter to encounter a boy's than a girl's style of hair-dressing.

Fifteen years ago, round hats, which had only lately been re-imported for the comfort of British maidens, were of brown straw, for use as well as for ornament, and they were furnished with sensible shady brims. Unah's hat was not only shady, it had been allowed to become a little bent and battered, as part of her out-of-doors dress in a country parish where for three-fourths of the year it was an event to meet any other man or woman than a shepherd or a cailliach, in the course of a week.

But there were piquant details in the women's dress of the time which were never more piquant than when their Amazonian attraction was displayed on a very girlish figure. Over her buff muslin, Unah wore a brown cloth jacket with coat lapels turned back. The jacket was thus half open, like an old-fashioned riding-habit, and seen within the opening were the little collar and plaited front belonging to another abolished article of female attire — the very name of which is exploded — a habit-shirt. Unah's habit-shirt was of blue and white striped calico, with pearl buttons fastening the plaits, and had blue and white calico sleeves, the cuffs of which appeared beneath the jacket-sleeves in what looked a saucy imitation of a man's shirt, while under the collar was tied a no less saucy facsimile of a man's black silk neck-erchief.

It may seem strange that Mrs. Macdonald should have countenanced, in her daughter's slowly dawning fancy in dress, the adopting of various portions of costume which made game of traits in men's dress; but when it is stated that these details were very becoming, were modest in their roguishness and inexpensive in their cost, and that the fashion of wearing them in Fearnavoil had been set by no less an authority than Lady Jean Stewart, it is to be hoped that the reader does not imagine the minister's wife was such a monster of consistency as not to betray a hole in her armor by encouraging Unah to follow where Lady Jean led.

The Bride's Pass was perhaps not in its perfection of beauty early in August. In spring there were broader, more exquisite contrasts between the tender green of its foliage and the low-toned brown and grey robes, broken by the white fur of snow, of its mighty guardians. In autumn there were richer, mellower dyes of leaf and berry and purple heather. But at all times the pass was a grand and beautiful page of God's broad book of nature, and the August writing on the page was not without its own attractions. Summer was late in these high latitudes, and so August in Fearnavoil, though it still left the kingly sentries unclad in their royal mantles, while it had dulled and dimmed the vivid June green of beech and oak, and seen the last of the red and white dog-roses, was yet the season of honeysuckle. Mingling with the pale maize, golden and crimson pipes and plumes of the honeysuckle, were great clustering purple vetch flowers, like bunches of grapes. Down in rushy and sedgy nooks by the waterside stood tall irises. As if to remind one that this was a Highland pass, and these were hunched shoulders of the Grampians that hemmed it in, heather constantly broke the wealth of lowland flowers and the tangled growth of the underwood — blue-green juniper, small-leaved blueberry, vine-leaved bramble. Heather tufted the mossy bank, overhung by branches of hazel, and further shaded the rock, every cleft of which was feathered with spleenwort. The ling was only budding pink, but the rarer bell-heather was in its soft purple flush, showing at long intervals that loveliest variety where the bells are waxen-white and rose-tinted.

Down in the gorge of the pass, running, leaping, and breaking among its grey rocks and foaming white against every barrier, resting only here and there in sunshiny or sombre pools equally treacherous, over

which foam bells were sucked into the eddy that ended their brief existence, was the Fearn, umber brown from the mosses and moors it had traversed in its course.

These were the petty furnishings, as one might say, of the pass, which were as nothing to its great framework. It has already been said that moderately-sized hills looked like molehills in the lap of the mountains, and birch-trees, measured against the height of the ribbed and scarred sides of Benvoil, showed no bigger than bushes of bracken. The blue sky was seen through the rift immeasurably far up in the heavens, and an eagle, or more frequently a wild swan or goose, for the royal bird is fast forsaking the Scotch mountains, took the dimensions of a thrush, as it appeared for a moment and then vanished from the vacuum.

Unah walked leisurely in her own domain, familiar with every noble and lovely feature, and yet not missing one of them or overlooking a single change a week might bring. This was the first bright day after a period of rainy weather, and the Fearn was a little flooded. From the same cause watercourses like silver threads in the sunshine were flowing down the mountain sides, and pouring in miniature waterfalls over the lower banks and rocks. Yonder was the first August foxglove, the first in a very forest of foxgloves. Unah stood and looked at them swaying in a drowsy, stately fashion in the light wind. Their long purple or white cups were still unsealed, their spotted hairy throats unclosed, but in another week they would be open to the fairies. Were they not more beautiful, though less joyous, than the March daffodils that danced in English breezes? A second singularly delicate and beautiful effect was just beginning to show itself. It was the blending of the silver grey of the seeded grasses with the pale blue of the harebells, in such quantities as to transfer the fair, pure tints of the sky on some summer morning to the roadside at Unah's feet.

Unah was not impressed by the deep silence of the pass, no longer vibrating with choruses of birds, and only broken by the rush and tinkle and splash of water, as it might have impressed the denizen of a town newly transplanted to the wilds. Such silence was her native atmosphere, and in it she detected minor notes of bee and beetle which would not have been perceptible to a less fine and accurate sense of hearing.

She sought out a favorite tree-stump — there were always plenty of such about —

and sat down between the road and the river, one may be sure in a spot which commanded the venerable and beloved bald head of Benvoil. There she began to read in a Highland glen of American swamps and forests, of morning-glories and passion-flowers, of negro foster-parents to the desolate children of dead planters, of wild, emotional revivals of religion, of the half-frantic, half-inspired outcasts of persecution, and of God's terrible judgment of pestilence. But Unah did not read long, she glanced at the end of the book and found to her dismay that its poor simple little heroine became the victim to her own innocently generous efforts to repair too late the selfish neglect of her forefathers, and to stay the vengeance of the living laws they had outraged. It seemed too sad that Unah's far-away western sister should have died in what had promised to be the zenith of her bright young happiness, with lover and friends and faithful slaves all striving vainly to avert the blow of that fellest of human diseases to modern imagination — cholera. It was not so much a shock at the winding-up of the story by death that scared Unah from her book. For the young Highland girl having lived a life of comparative solitude among primitive nature in a spiritual world of reverence and piety with a good father and a religious mother, had her own version of death, in which there mingled, with much solemnity and a natural shrinking and shuddering, a faint realization of an awful bliss as well as a heavenly peace bought by a divine sacrifice. But to read in the Bride's Pass on an August afternoon of a young girl on the eve of her marriage dying of cholera — could associations be found more cruelly antagonistic, more piteously mournful? Unah shut the book and took to reading the nature around her, which was all in keeping — serene, smiling and bountiful, full of promise of blossom and fruit in unfailing succession, with hardly a hint that the Fearn raved wildly in its autumn bed, and Benvoil hid his head sullenly behind the thick gloom of November clouds; nay, in summer the river sometimes came down "roaring and reaming," with rent fresh boughs instead of dead leaves coursing along its current, and the swollen carcases of lambs swirling in its jaws and dashing against its jagged teeth. As for Benvoil, one of the most fearful spectacles to be seen in the district presented itself in the blue-black clouds of a July thunder-storm falling like a pall over its crest, and the steely gleam of the lightning leaping out, and illuminating, with an

instantaneous ghastly flash, every rugged peak and grim scar on its sides.

But Benvoil looked now the most benign of sovereigns. There was not a shadow upon him except what was cast by his opposite neighbor the Turaidh, and by the deep relief into which one of his sides was thrown by the child hill which always sat in his lap. The sole consequence of these shades was to bring out into almost startling prominence, as they lay in the sunshine, the emeralds and olives of tracts of moss alternating with breaks of yellow sand and bare grey rock. Benvoil was as good as gold to-day, he was behaving beautifully. Unah began to praise him because he hung out more flattering omens than her book had done. He could not help catching an occasional fleecy cloud and wrapping it round his ancient head as if he felt the threatening of an incipient face-ache, but he flung it off the next moment and determined rather to brave his ailments like a dauntless old chief than to commence the brewing of another deluge.

Really Mrs. Macdonald had some ground for maintaining that there was heathen idolatry in the way in which the people of Fearnavoil — her own household included, treated the mountain. They gave it the masculine gender, in addition to its proper name. They spoke of how he was looking and what he was doing, as if he were a responsible being with power over his actions, and who could be propitiated and have his smiles won, and his frowns charmed away. It was not for lack of being appealed to that the mountain did not grow warm at its heart's core, and heave with great heart-throbs like Galatea under the adjurations of Pygmalion. But the natives were not content with thus transferring their own personality to one formidable inanimate form of the grand nature around them: like every more or less primitive race, they paid the same homage in a modified degree to the river. And the Fearn was by no means so great a river as Benvoil was a mountain. It was not like the Teith, the Tay, the Spey or the Dee. Its only claim to distinction was in one shared by several smaller northern rivers, and notably by the river Annan in the south — that is an evil character for treachery and ruthlessness, in subtly entangling and mercilessly drowning its victims. It is needless therefore to say that the Fearn was classed as of the gentler sex, because her kindness was cruel.

Of course Unah was acquainted with the notorious charge brought by the coun-

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try-side against the burn which bounded the manse garden, and where in her childhood in dry seasons she had "paiddled" with her brothers and Donald of Drumchatt, making miniature mills, catching minnows and gathering "eel's-bed."

The imputation passed through Unah's mind as she turned from contemplating the mountain to watch the slightly turbid water. Unless after rainy weather it was only the still pools which were unfathomable in their depth; but on this day all the rushing water was clouded, for the delectation of the fishers who were in the list of sportsmen of every class, that flourished, in defiance of pains and penalties, in the parish.

From Temple Bar.  
COUNT FERSEN.

READERS of Sir Walter Scott's delightful novel of "The Abbot" will recollect how Mary Stuart, imprisoned in the island of Loch Leven, found her consolation in the knowledge that a band of trusty friends were plotting her deliverance; how lights were seen flitting on the mainland, signalling that the fiery Seyton and the devoted Douglas were on the eve of accomplishing their design. As with Mary Stuart, so with Marie Antoinette. The unfortunate queen of France, surrounded by gaolers in comparison with whom the savage Scotch of the sixteenth century were miracles of kindness and mercy, yet knew this, that there was one friend whose only thought in life was to free her from the toils with which she was encompassed, a man of unbounded daring, and possessed of that much rarer quality, infinite discretion, without the least thought of self, except to keep himself free from the slightest taint of dishonor. Everybody who peruses his "Memoirs" \* must agree that the age of chivalry was not dead that produced a hero, *sans peur et sans reproche*, like the gallant Fersen.

The count Jean Axel de Fersen, of an illustrious Swedish family, was born on the 4th of September 1755. His father, Field-Marshal de Fersen, took an active part in politics during the reign of Gustavus. The young count, at the age of fifteen, was sent with a tutor on a Continental tour of long duration. He visited Italy and Switzerland, where he had the honor of an interview with Voltaire.

\* Published at Paris from papers in possession of Count Fersen's nephew, Baron Klinckowström.

It was not till his nineteenth year that he first appeared at the court of Versailles. He early attracted the attention of the dauphiness, and it is evident that Marie Antoinette became very much interested in the handsome young Swede. Count Fersen mentions in his journal that he was present at the ball of "Madame la Dauphine," which commenced at the sensible hour of five, and finished at half past nine. And the count relates how at a masked ball at the Opera House the dauphiness engaged him a long time in conversation without his at first recognizing her. On Count Fersen's leaving Paris for London, the Swedish ambassador thus writes to the king of Sweden: —

The young count Fersen is about to leave Paris for London. He is (of all the Swedes who have been here in my time) the one who has been the best received in the world. The royal family have shown him much attention. He could not possibly have conducted himself with more discretion and good sense than he has shown. With his handsome person and his talent (*l'Esprit*), he could not fail to succeed in society, and that he has done so completely your Majesty will be pleased to hear. That which above all makes M. de Fersen worthy of the distinction shown him is the nobility and elevation of his character.

The count on his arrival in England was presented at court, visited Ranelagh and other sights of London. His account of Almack's is as follows: —

Thursday, 19th May, 1774.—I have been presented to the queen, who is very gracious and amiable, but not at all pretty. In the evening I was taken by Comte — to "Almack's," a subscription ball which is held during the winter. The room in which they dance is well arranged and brilliantly lighted. The ball is supposed to begin at ten o'clock, but the men remain at their clubs until half past eleven. During this time the women are kept waiting, seated on sofas on either side of the great gallery in great formality; one would fancy oneself in a church, they look so serious and quiet, not even talking amongst themselves. The supper, which is at twelve o'clock, is very well served, and somewhat less dull than the rest of the entertainment. I was placed by the side of Lady Carpenter,\* one of the handsomest girls in London; she was very agreeable, and conversed a great deal. I had occasion to meet her again some days later, when, to some civil remark I addressed her with, she did not even reply. It surprises one to see young girls talking unreservedly with men, and going about by themselves; I am reminded of Lausanne in this, where also they enjoy complete liberty.

\* Probably Lady Almeria Carpenter, daughter of Lord Tyrconnel.

The count returned to Sweden in the beginning of 1775. He had already entered the French service in the régiment Royal Barrière. In Sweden he became an officer in a cavalry regiment, and soon attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He remained in Sweden some time, joining in the pursuits and amusements of the young nobility at the gay court of Gustavus III. In 1778 he proceeded on another voyage, and passed three months in London, from whence he proceeded to Paris, arriving there in the dead season. Afterwards he went on a visit to the camp of the Count de Broglie in Normandy, and inspected the monastery of La Trappe, of which he gives some interesting details.

In the winter he again appeared at the French court. He writes to his father : —

Last Tuesday I went to Versailles to be presented to the royal family. The queen, who is charming, exclaimed, "Ah ! an old acquaintance !" The rest of the royal family did not say a word.

The count writes again : —

The queen, who is the handsomest and the most amiable princess, has often had the kindness to inquire after me. She asked Creutz why I did not come to her *jeu*\* on Sundays, and on hearing that I had been one day when it did not take place, she made a kind of apology.

The queen treats me always with great courtesy. I often go to pay my respects (*au jeu*), and on every occasion she addresses me with some words of kindness. As they had spoken to her about my Swedish uniform, she expressed a great wish to see me in it, and I am to go full dressed, not to court, but to see the queen. She is the most amiable princess that I know.

In society as well as at court, Count Fersen's success was complete. In M. Gefroy's "Gustave III. et la Cour de France" there are many anecdotes respecting it. But of course triumph begets envy, and the favorites of Marie Antoinette, whose relations with her were quite as innocent as those of Count Fersen, began spreading malicious reports about their new rival.

M. Gefroy in his work thus describes the state of affairs : —

On Fersen's return to France, his favor at court was so great that it could not fail to be much remarked. It was in the year 1779, and we know that the wicked suspicions raised against Marie Antoinette had not waited for the fatal affair of the necklace before attack-

ing her as sovereign and woman. Fersen was received in the queen's intimate circle ; the admission extended to Stedingk\* was supposed to be a blind, to conceal the much-desired presence of his friend. They brought up against the queen the small parties given by Mesdames de Lamballe and de Polignac, in their apartments, to which Fersen was admitted ; they spoke of meetings and prolonged interviews at the masked balls (*bals de l'opéra*), of looks interchanged when other intercourse was wanting at the *soirées intimes* at Trianon. They declared that the queen had been seen to look expressively at Fersen, whilst singing the impassioned lines from the opera of "Didou,"

Ah ! que je fus bien inspirée

Quand je vous reçus dans ma cour,  
to seek his eyes and ill conceal her feelings  
towards him. Nothing more was wanting than  
to add publicly the name of the young count  
to those with which calumny hoped hence-  
forth to arm herself against Marie Antoinette.

Again, in a secret despatch addressed to Gustavus III. by the Count de Creutz,† we find an account of Fersen's attitude in the situation that was made so difficult for him.

10th April, 1779. — I must confide to your Majesty that the young Count Fersen has been so well received by the queen, as to give umbrage to many persons ; I must own to thinking that she has a great preference for him ; I have seen indications of it too strong to be doubted. The modesty and reserve of young Fersen's conduct have been admirable, and above all, the step he has taken in going to America is to be commended ; in absenting himself he escapes all danger, but it evidently required a power of self-command beyond his years, to overcome such an attraction. The queen has followed him with her eyes (full of tears) during the last days preceding his going away. I implore your Majesty to keep this secret on her account, and on that of "Sénéleur" Fersen. When the news of the Count's departure was known, all the favorites were delighted. The Duchess of Fitz-James said to him, "What ! monsieur, you abandon your conquest ?" "If I had made one," he replied, "I should not have abandoned it. I go away free, and unfortunately without leaving any regrets." Your Majesty will agree that this was said with wisdom and prudence marvellous in one so young. But the queen is more reserved and cautious than formerly. The king not only consults all her wishes, but takes part in her pursuits and amusements.

Count Fersen accompanied the French army to America as aide-de-camp to General Rochambeau, and, owing to his talents and his knowledge of the English language, he was made the intermediary of commu-

\* The games played at the *jeu de la reine* were quinze, billiards, and trictrac.

† Count Fersen's friend and travelling companion.

‡ The Swedish ambassador.

nication between Washington and the French commander. His letters from America do not show much appreciation of the people he assisted to free. But then allies always speak ill of one another.

The count writes: —

Money is in all their actions the first object, and their only thought is how to gain it. Every one is for himself, no one for the public good. The inhabitants of the coast, even the best Whigs, supply the English fleet, anchored in Gardner's Bay, with provisions of all kinds, because they pay them well; they fleece us without compunction; everything is an exorbitant price; in all the dealings we have had with them they have treated us more like enemies than friends. Their covetousness is unequalled, money is their god; virtue, honor, all that is nothing to them in comparison with this precious metal. Not but what there are some estimable people among them, there are many who are noble and generous, but I speak of the nation in general, which seems to me to be more Dutch than English.

The count was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, which virtually ended the war, and returned to France after the conclusion of the peace of 1783. He still remained in the Swedish service, although at the request of Gustavus III. he received the appointment of colonel proprietor of the regiment Royal Suédois in the service of France. The count henceforth passed his time between the two countries.

In 1787 he again visited England, and there is a curious account of a fracas that took place between Lady Clermont, the friend of Marie Antoinette, and the Prince of Wales at a London assembly, respecting Count Fersen. The prince's conduct with respect to the count does not tend to the credit of the "first gentleman of Europe." The insinuations against the queen of France concerning her relations with the high-minded Swedish nobleman we believe are utterly groundless. There is not a particle of trustworthy evidence that the queen ever infringed upon the duties of a wife and a mother. Count Fersen was only her friend and servant, more devoted in the dark winter of adversity than in the sunny days of regal grandeur and prosperity. The Duke de Levis, in his "Mémoirs," describes him as one "who had more judgment than wit, who was cautious with men, reserved towards women, whose air and figure were those of a hero of romance, but not of a French romance, for he was not sufficiently light and brilliant."

In Wraxall there is the following graphic account of the scene we have mentioned.

As Lady Clermont enjoyed so distinguished a place in Marie Antoinette's esteem, it was natural that she should endeavor to transfuse into the prince's mind feelings of attachment and respect for the French queen similar to those with which she was herself imbued. Making allowance for the difference of sexes, there seemed to be indeed no inconsiderable degree of resemblance between their dispositions. Both were indiscreet, unguarded, and ardent devotees of pleasure. But the Duke of Orleans, irritated at her successful opposition to the marriage of his daughter with the Count d'Artois' eldest son, had already prepossessed the Prince of Wales in her disfavor. He was accustomed to speak of her, on the duke's report, as a woman of licentious life, who changed her lovers according to her caprice. She, indignant at such imputations, which soon reached her, expressed herself in terms the most contemptuous, respecting the heir-apparent, whom she characterized as a voluntary enslaved by his appetites, incapable of any energetic or elevated sentiments. About this time Count Fersen, who was well known to be highly acceptable to Marie Antoinette, visited London; bringing letters of introduction from the Duchesse de Polignac to many persons of distinction here, and in particular for Lady Clermont. Desirous to show him the utmost attention, and to present him in the best company, soon after his arrival she conducted him in her own carriage to Lady William Gordon's assembly, in Piccadilly, one of the most distinguished in the metropolis. She had scarcely entered the room, and made Count Fersen known to the principal individuals of both sexes, when the Prince of Wales was announced. I shall recount the sequel in Lady Clermont's own words to me, only a short time subsequent to the fact.

"His Royal Highness took no notice of me on his first arrival; but in a few minutes afterwards, coming up to me, 'Pray, Lady Clermont,' said he, 'is that man whom I see here Count Fersen, the queen's favorite?' 'The gentleman to whom your Royal Highness alludes is Count Fersen; but, so far from being a favorite of the queen, he has not yet been presented at court.' — 'G—d d—n me!' exclaimed he, 'you don't imagine I mean *my* mother?' — 'Sir,' I replied, 'whenever you are pleased to use the word *queen* without any addition, I shall always understand it to mean *my* queen. If you speak of any other queen I must entreat that you will be good enough to say the queen of France, or of Spain.' The prince made no reply, but, after having walked once or twice round Count Fersen, returning to me, 'He's certainly a very handsome fellow,' observed he. 'Shall I have the honor, sir,' said I, 'to present him to you?' He instantly turned on his heel, without giving me any answer;\* and I soon afterwards quitted Lady William Gordon's house, bringing Count Fersen with me."

\* The prince afterwards made a most graceful apology to Lady Clermont for his conduct to her.

In 1788 Count Fersen returned to Sweden and accompanied his sovereign on his campaign against Russia, which ended so unfortunately, owing to the disaffection of the Finnish troops. He also was with Gustavus at Gothenburg when besieged by the Danes. The king was only saved from destruction by the conduct of Hugh Elliot, then minister at Copenhagen, who crossed the water and prevailed on the Danish commander to accept a truce. Count Fersen then returned to France, and we are now approaching the most interesting part of his career. He was now appointed the secret envoy of Gustavus, to watch over his interests at the court of Versailles. The opening scenes of the French Revolution naturally filled his mind with dismay. Talleyrand used to say that those who were not in society before 1789 could not realize "*la douceur de vivre*." Its utter destruction must have been appalling to one of its brightest ornaments. The count was present at the dreadful scenes of the 5th and 6th of October at Versailles, and accompanied the king and queen when they were dragged in triumph to Paris by the victorious populace.

It is a great misfortune that the whole of the journal of the Count Fersen from 1789 until June 1791 was destroyed by the friend to whom it was confided on the eve of the flight to Varennes. Fortunately there is in the "Auckland Memoirs" an account of this eventful enterprise, which we believe we can state was drawn up by Lord Auckland himself, when ambassador in Holland, from information derived from Count Fersen and his confederate, Mr. Quintin Craufurd, who was Lord Auckland's friend and correspondent.

The following is the account given in the Auckland papers:—

From intelligence communicated to the queen, on the 7th of October 1789, the day after the royal family had been brought from Versailles to Paris, she thought some attempt on her life was still intended. That evening, after she had retired to her apartment, she called Madame de Tourzel to her, and said, "If you should hear any noise in my room in the night, do not lose any time in coming to see what it is, but carry the dauphin immediately to the arms of his father." Madame de Tourzel, bathed in tears, told this circumstance, two days afterwards, to the Spanish ambassador, from whom I learnt it.

The Count de Fersen was the only person at Paris to whom the king at this time gave his entire confidence. He went privately to the palace by means of one of those passports that were given to some of the household and others who were supposed to have business

there, and had therefore liberty to enter at all hours. He saw their Majesties in the king's closet, and by his means their correspondence was carried on, and the king's intentions communicated.

For a long time the king had determined to escape from Paris, and Count Fersen arranged with the most consummate skill all the details of this enterprise. He had two friends in whom he trusted implicitly: Mr. Quintin Craufurd, an English gentleman well known in Parisian society, and Mrs. Sullivan, who resided in Mr. Craufurd's house, and was afterwards known as Mrs. Craufurd. Fersen had the greatest contempt for the levity of the French character, and seems to think that the moment a Frenchman is in possession of a secret he writes about it or confides it to his mistress. Three of the garde-de-corps, however, were called in to assist in the final arrangements. The count had procured a passport in the name of a "Baroness de Korff," and had ordered a travelling-coach in her name. Madame de Tourzel\* was to personate Madame de Korff travelling with her family to Frankfurt. Count Fersen assumed the whole responsibility of the safe conduct of the royal party as far as Châlons. After that the Marquis de Bouillé, who commanded the troops on the eastern frontier, was charged to protect the travellers by escorts of cavalry.

The night of the 20th of June was finally selected for the attempt at escape, and the travelling-carriage was placed at Mr. Quintin Craufurd's house, and a little before midnight Fersen's coachman, a Swede, who did not talk French, and one of the garde-de-corps, mounted as postilions, took the coach with its four Norman horses, and a saddle-horse, and halted on the road near the Barrière St. Martin, with orders, in case of seeing any one, to move forwards and return again to their station. Count Fersen went to see the king on the evening of the 20th, and the king determined to depart, although he thought some suspicions were entertained. Count Fersen departed, and at the appointed time arrived with a job coach and horses which he had purchased.

The following is the account of the escape as related by Lord Auckland:—

The dauphin was put to bed at the usual hour, but about half past eleven o'clock\* Madame de Tourzel woke him and dressed him

\* Governess of the children of France.

† Madame Royale gives the time as half past ten, and we think this was the real time.

in girl's clothes. About the same time Fersen, dressed and acting as a coachman, came with the other coach to the court at the Tuilleries called *La Cour des Princes*, as if to wait for some one who was in the palace. He stopped at the apartment of the *Duc de Villiers*, that had a communication with the one above it. Soon after he arrived, Madame de Tourzel came out with the two children. Fersen put them into the carriage. Neither of the children spoke a word, but he observed that Madame Royale was bathed in tears. She had all along shown great sensibility, and a degree of prudence and understanding beyond what might be expected from her years. Fersen drove at a common pace to the *Petit Carroussel*, and stopped near the house that was formerly inhabited by the *Duchesse de la Vallière*. Neither that house nor the houses near it have a court to admit carriages, and it is common to see them waiting in the street there. Madame Elizabeth came, attended by one of her gentlemen, who, as soon as he put her in the coach, left her. The king came next; he had a round brown wig over his hair, a greatcoat on, and a stick in his hand. He was followed at some distance by one of the *garde-de-corps*. They waited for the queen a full quarter of an hour. The king began to be apprehensive, and wanted to go back to look for her, but Fersen dissuaded him. While they waited for the queen, *Lafayette* passed twice in his carriage, followed by two dragoons, once in going to the *Rue de Honnoré*, and again in returning from it. On seeing him the king showed some emotion, but not of fear, and said, loud enough for Fersen to hear him, "*Le scellérat!*"

The queen at last arrived, followed by the other *garde-de-corps*. She had been detained by unexpectedly finding a sentinel at the top of the stair she was to descend by. He was walking negligently backwards and forwards, and singing. The queen at last observed that as he went forward from the stair, the pier of an arch must prevent him from seeing her. She took that opportunity quickly to descend without noise, and made signs to the *garde-de-corps* to do the same. As soon as the queen was in the carriage, the two *garde-de-corps* got up behind it, and Fersen drove away.

Mr. Croker, in his "Essays on the French Revolution," originally published in the *Quarterly Review*, observes "that the journey to *Varennes* is an extraordinary instance of the difficulty of ascertaining historical truth. There have been published twelve narratives by eye-witnesses of, and partakers in, these transactions, and all these narratives contradict each other on trivial, and some on more essential, points, but always in a wonderful and inexplicable manner." In the account by Madame Royale, it is positively stated that the queen conducted the children to the carriage. This assertion very

much exercised the mind of Mr. Croker, and it now appears it was incorrect, for the journal of Count Fersen of the 20th gives the same account of the order in which the royal family escaped as Lord Auckland.

In one of the accounts it is stated that Count Fersen did not know the streets of Paris, which seems very unlikely; but it appears that such was the count's caution that he first drove to Mr. Craufurd's house, to see if the travelling-carriage had started, and then drove rapidly to the *Barrière St. Martin*. In the statement by Madame Royale, it is averred that Count Fersen took leave of the royal family there, and this account is adopted by Mr. Croker; but it is an error, for both Count Fersen and Lord Auckland agree that it was at or near *Bondy* that the parting took place. It will be seen that the king refused to allow Fersen to accompany the royal family in their flight. We think that if he had consented, the escape might have been effected. All that was wanted was a cool head in danger, and that was lamentably wanting.

This is from the Auckland MSS. :—

When they came to the other coach, the one that brought the royal family from Paris was driven to some distance and overturned into a ditch. They got into the travelling coach. Fersen rode before and ordered post-horses at *Bondy*. It is common for persons who live at Paris to come the first stage with their own horses. The post-horses, on showing the passport, were therefore given without any hesitation. Two of the *garde-de-corps* mounted on the seat of the coach, the other went before as a courier. The coachman was sent on with the coach-horses towards Brussels, and Fersen accompanied the royal family about three miles beyond *Bondy*, when he quitted them to go to *Mons*, and from thence to *Montmédy*. Though he pressed the king very much to permit him to go along with him, he positively refused it, saying, "If you should be taken it will be impossible for me to save you; besides, you have papers of importance. I therefore conjure you to get out of France as fast as you can." He joined his own carriage that was waiting for him near *Bourgette*, and arrived at *Mons* at two in the morning of the 22nd, without meeting with any sort of interruption.

The following account from the journal of Count Fersen was written in pencil on scraps of paper, but it will be seen that with the exception of some difference in time it agrees substantially with Lord Auckland's paper.

20 . . . . . (1).

Conversation with the king on what he wished to do. Both told me to proceed without delay. We agreed upon the house, etc.,

etc., so that if they were stopped I should go to Brussels and act from there, etc., etc. At parting the king said to me, "M. de Fersen, whatever happens to me I shall never forget all that you have done for me." The queen wept bitterly. At six o'clock I left her; she went out to walk with the children. No extraordinary precautions. I returned home to finish my affairs. At seven o'clock went to Sullivan to see if the carriage had been sent; returned home again at eight o'clock. I wrote to the queen to change the "rendezvous" with the waiting-woman, and to instruct them to let me know the exact hour by the garde-de-corp; take the letter nothing moving. At a quarter to nine o'clock the gardes join me; they give me the letter for Mercy.\* I give them instructions, return home, send off my horses and coachman. Go to fetch the carriage. Thought I had lost Mercy's letter. At quarter past ten o'clock in the Cour des Princes. At quarter past eleven the children taken out without difficulty. Lafayette passed twice. At a quarter to twelve Madame Elisabeth came, then the king, then the queen. Start at twelve o'clock, meet the carriage at the Barrière St. Martin. At half past one o'clock reach Bondy, take post; at three o'clock I leave them, taking the by-road to Bourgette.†

On arriving at Mons the count wrote to his father a letter acquainting him with the triumphant success of his attempt.

All had gone well when the directions were in the hands of the brave and cautious Swedish officer, but the moment the French commanders took the affair into their own hands at Châlons, everything was lost through their levity and want of common sense. Baron de Goguelat, an engineer officer who superintended the details of the expedition from Châlons, already had given offence to the inhabitants of St. Menehould, and had quarrelled with Drouet, the postmaster there, through employing another man's horses which were cheaper to take his own carriage back. The Due de Choiseul, who commanded the first detachment at Somme-Velle, near Châlons, because the travelling-carriage was late, retreated not by the main road, where the royal family could have overtaken him, but across a country he did not know, and he did not arrive at Varennes till after the arrest of the royal family, having previously sent a message to the other commander that the "treasure" ‡ would not arrive that evening. On the carriage arriving at St. Menehould, the commanding officer of the hussars there foolishly

\* Formerly Austrian ambassador at the court of Versailles.

† A village on the high road to Mons.

‡ The pretext for presence of the troops was that they were to escort treasure to the army.

went to speak to the king, who put his head out of the window and was instantly recognized by Drouet, who immediately after the departure of the king rode off to Varennes and procured his arrest. Everything there was in confusion. The young Count de Bouillé was in bed; his hussars with their horses unsaddled. The Due de Choiseul, the Count de Damas, arrived with men enough to rescue the prisoners, but nothing was done. The king would give no orders, and the officers were afraid of responsibility. Count de Damas told Mr. Charles Ross, the editor of the "Cornwallis Correspondence," "that he asked leave of the king to charge with the men the mob who interrupted him. The queen urged him to do it, but Louis would take no responsibility, and would give no order till it was too late. M. de Damas added he had ever since regretted not acting without orders." The Count de Bouillé fled from Varennes to acquaint his father, who was at the next station, Dun, with the misfortune that had befallen the king. The marquis hastened with the Royal Allemand regiment to rescue the royal family, but he arrived too late. They had already left for Paris, escorted by the National Guard.

It was at Arlon, on his journey to Montmédy, the fortress on the French frontier where the king intended to set up his standard if successful in his attempt at escape, that Count Fersen heard the news of the failure.

The count writes in his journal:—

Le 23. — Fine weather, cold. Arrived at Arlon at eleven o'clock in the evening. Found Bouillé, learnt that the king was taken; the detachments not done their duty. The king wanting in resolution and head.

The count now took up his residence at Brussels, where he was joined by his friend Craufurd, and henceforth employed his whole time until the execution of the queen in attempting to save her. Although well knowing the fate that would await him if discovered, he wished to return to Paris. His correspondence with Marie Antoinette was constant.

Here is a letter from her, written on the 29th of June:—

I exist. . . . How anxious I have been about you, and how I grieve to think of all you must have suffered from not hearing of us! Heaven grant that this letter may reach you! Don't write to me, it would only endanger us, and above all, don't return here under any pretext. It is known that you attempted our escape, and all would be lost if you were to

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appear. We are guarded day and night. No matter. . . . Keep your mind at ease. Nothing will happen to me. The Assembly wishes to deal gently with us. Adieu. . . . I cannot write more. . . .

The Field-Marshal de Fersen was very anxious that his son should now return to his own country, where a great career awaited him, but the count refused to entertain the idea. Count Fersen writes from Vienna,\* August 1791:—

20th August.—The confidence with which the king and queen of France have honored me impose upon me the duty of not abandoning them on this occasion, and of serving them whenever in future it is possible for me to be of use to them. I should deserve all censure were I to do otherwise. I alone have been admitted into their confidence, and I may still, from the knowledge I have of their position, their sentiments, and the affairs of France, be of service to them. I should reproach myself eternally as having helped to bring them into their present disastrous position without having used every means in my power to release them from it. Such conduct would be unworthy of your son, and you, my dear father, whatever it may cost you, would not you yourself disapprove of it? It would be inconsistent and fickle, and is far from my way of thinking. As I have mixed myself up in the cause, I will go on to the end. I shall then have nothing to reproach myself with, and if I do not succeed—if this unhappy prince finds himself forsaken, I shall, at least, have the consolation of having done my duty, and of having never honored me.

Baron de Staël, then Swedish ambassador at Paris, who through his wife was suspected of intriguing in favor of the new order of things, seems to have endeavored on all occasions to counteract the efforts of his former friend. It is singular that Gustavus, a fanatical adherent of the French royal family, should have allowed him to remain in his service.

Count Fersen writes to Marie Antoinette:—

Staël says dreadful things of me. He has corrupted my coachman and taken him into his service, which has annoyed me very much. He has prejudiced many persons against me, who blame my conduct, and say that in what I have done I have been guided solely by ambition, and that I have lost you and the king. The Spanish ambassador and others are of this opinion; he is at Louvain, and has not seen any one here. — They are right; I had the ambition to serve you, and I shall all my life lament my not having succeeded; I wished

to repay in some part the benefits which it has been so delightful for me to receive from you, and I hoped to prove that it is possible to be attached to persons like yourself without interested motives. The rest of my conduct should have shown that this was my sole ambition, and that the honor of having served you was my best recompense.

Count Fersen remained at Brussels, and numerous plans for the relief of the royal family were engaged in by his advice. In February 1792 he determined, in spite of the extreme danger, to proceed to Paris to see again the king and queen. He departed from Brussels on Sunday the 12th, and arrived in Paris on Monday evening.

There is the following entry in his journal:—

Went to the queen. Passed in my usual way, afraid of the National Guard. Did not see the king.

Le 14, Tuesday.—Saw the king at six o'clock in the evening, he does not wish to escape, and cannot on account of the extreme watchfulness; but in reality he has scruples, having so often promised to remain, for he is an "honest man."

Count Fersen had a long conversation with the queen on the same evening, in which they talked about the details of the journey from Varennes, and the queen related what insults they had received: how the Marquis de Dampierre, having approached the carriage at St Menehould, was murdered in their sight, and his head brought to the carriage; how insolently Pétion behaved, who asked her for, pretending not to know, the name of the Swede who drove them from the palace, to whom Marie Antoinette answered "that she was not in the habit of knowing the names of hackney coachmen."

Count Fersen remained in Paris till the 21st, when with his companion he left for Brussels, where he arrived on the 23rd. They were arrested several times, but got through by informing the guards that they were Swedish couriers. On the subject of the flight to Varennes we give one more extract. Just before the execution of the queen, Drouet, commissary of the Convention, was arrested by the Austrians in attempting to escape from Maubeuge. He was brought to Brussels, and Count Fersen went to see him.

Sunday, 6th October.—Drouet\* arrived at eleven o'clock. I went with Colonel Harvey to see him in the prison of St. Elizabeth. He

\* Drouet was the postmaster at St. Menehould, not the postmaster's son, as is generally believed. He was afterwards exchanged.

\* The count went to Vienna to induce the emperor Leopold to assist his sister.

is a man of from thirty-three to thirty-four years of age, six feet high, and good-looking enough if he were not so great a scoundrel. He had irons on his hands and feet. We asked him if he were the postmaster of Saint Menehould who had stopped the king at Varennes; he said that he had been at Varennes, but that it was not he who had arrested the king. We asked him if he had left Maubeuge from fear of being taken. He said no, but to execute a commission with which he was charged. He kept his coat closed to prevent the chain, which led from his right foot to his left hand, being seen. The sight of this infamous villain incensed me, and the effort that I made to refrain from speaking to him (in consideration for the Abbé de Limon and Count Fitz-James) affected me painfully. Another officer who was taken with him maintained that the queen was in no danger, that she was very well treated, and had everything she could wish. The scoundrels, how they lie! — An Englishman arrived in Switzerland, said he had paid twenty-five louis to be allowed to enter the prison where the queen was; he carried in a jug of water — the room is underground, and contains only a poor bed, a table, and one chair. He found the queen seated with her face buried in her hands — her head was covered with two handkerchiefs, and she was extremely ill-dressed; she did not even look up at him, and of course it was understood that he should not speak to her. What a horrible story! I am going to inquire into the truth of it.

The count never saw Marie Antoinette again, but he still contrived to correspond with her until her removal to the Conciergerie. Then all hope seemed over.

Count Fersen's sufferings were extreme during the period of apprehension before the queen's execution. He attempted in vain, through Count Mercy, to prevail on the allies to march on Paris. But the Austrians were more intent on seizing the French fortresses, and the English on the siege of Dunkirk, than in making a desperate campaign on behalf of the royal family. These are the last accounts in Count Fersen's journal respecting the queen: —

Here are some particulars about the queen. Her room was the third door to the right, on entering, opposite to that of Custine; it was on the ground floor, and looked into a court which was filled all day with prisoners, who through the window looked at and insulted the queen. Her room was small, dark, and fetid; there was neither stove nor fireplace; in it there were three beds: one for the queen, another for the woman who served her, and a third for the two gendarmes, who never left the room. The queen's bed was, like the others, made of wood; it had a pailasse, a mattress, and one dirty, torn blanket, which had long

been used by other prisoners; the sheets were coarse, unbleached linen; there were no curtains, only an old screen. The queen wore a kind of black spencer (*caraco*), her hair, cut short, was quite grey. She had become so thin as to be hardly recognizable, and so weak she could scarcely stand. She wore three rings on her fingers, but not jewelled ones. The woman who waited on her was a kind of fishwife, of whom she made great complaints. The soldiers told Michonis that she did not eat enough to keep her alive; they said that her food was very bad, and they showed him a stale, skinny chicken, saying, "This chicken has been served to madame for four days, and she has not eaten it." The gendarmes complained of their bed, though it was just the same as the queen's. The queen always slept dressed, and in black, expecting every moment to be murdered or to be led to torture, and wishing to be prepared for either in mourning. Michonis wept as he spoke of the weak state of the queen's health, and he said that he had only been able to get the black spencer and some necessary linen for the queen from the Temple, after a deliberation in Council. These are the sad details he gave me.

Marie Antoinette was executed on the 16th of October, 1793. It was not till four days afterwards, on the 20th, that the news arrived at Brussels.

The following are extracts from Count Fersen's journal: —

Sunday, October 20th. — Grandmaison tells me that Ackerman, a banker, received a letter from his correspondent in Paris, telling him that the sentence against the queen had been passed the evening before; that it was to have been carried into execution directly, but that circumstances had retarded it; that the people (that is, the paid people) were murmuring that it was "*ce matin que Marie Antoinette doit paraître à la fenêtre nationale.*" Although I have been prepared for this, and have in fact expected it ever since the removal from the Conciergerie, yet the certainty has quite prostrated me. I went to talk of this misfortune with my friends Madame Fitz-James and the Baron de Breteuil; they wept with me, above all Madame Fitz-James. The *Gazette* of the 17th speaks of it. It was on the 16th at half past eleven that this execrable crime was committed, and divine vengeance has not burst upon these monsters!

Monday, 21st. — I can think of nothing but my loss; it is dreadful to have no actual details, to think of her alone in her last moments without consolation, without a creature to speak to, to whom to express her last wishes; it is horrible. Those hellish monsters! No, without revenge on them my heart will never be satisfied.

Gustavus III. had fallen by the hands of an assassin at a masked ball. The king of France had already been beheaded,

the Princesse de Lamballe murdered by the mob of Paris in a manner too horrible to relate, and now the queen, who trusted him and him alone, had been dragged in a cart with her hands tied behind her to the place of execution and subjected to the insults of a brutal populace. What alleviation could there be to a blow like this? Count Fersen was soon recalled to Sweden by the regent, and henceforth he interested himself mainly in the affairs of his country. He was much in the confidence of the young king Gustavus IV., and on that unfortunate monarch's expulsion from the throne, Count Fersen, then the chief of the nobility and grand marshal, still remained an adherent of the house of Vasa. This was the cause of his disastrous end. Count Fersen, whilst assisting at the funeral of Prince Charles of Holstein, who had been selected to succeed to the throne of Sweden, was murdered in the most cowardly and cruel manner by the mob of Stockholm. His last words were an appeal to God, before whom he was about to appear, to spare his assassins, and this happened in 1810, on the *twentieth* of June, the anniversary of his daring enterprise.

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From Fraser's Magazine.  
AMONG THE BURMESE.

CONCLUSION.

My aim in the short series of discursive essays which will here be brought to a close has been partly to help those who are wholly unacquainted with the East to realize the character of the every-day surroundings amongst which Englishmen live in the farthest corner of the Indian empire, and partly to indicate the manifold contrast which the province of British Burmah presents to the rest of the empire with which it has been incorporated. With this view I have tried to carry the reader with me through some of the most characteristic scenes of popular Burmese life, into the cottage, the boat, and the monastery, to the religious festival and the popular drama and games; showing him meantime something of the scenery and climate of the country, something of the character and employments of its mixed population.

But there are still many questions which any one who has followed me thus far might be disposed to ask, and some of which I shall here endeavor to anticipate.

Differing thus widely from the popula-

tions of the Indian continent, how, it may be asked, do the Burmese compare with them in the various relations of life? With so much in their character that is attractive, and which seems so consonant with that of Englishmen, to what extent is social sympathy between the rulers and the ruled more apparent in Burmah than in India? How far are the externals of Western civilization appreciated and naturalized, and how does the Indian system of English education affect differently a Mongolian race? With a population so thin and sparse endowed with an indolent character, what is the relative financial position of the country? In what estimation are our systems of law and taxation held? How far are the people loyal and our rule popular? These and many similar questions readily present themselves. It must suffice here to suggest in general terms the tenor of the answer which might be given to some of the most prominent.

And first as regards the general personal feeling which exists between the Burmese and their English rulers. It is often remarked that among the effects of the increased facilities of communication which have brought the ends of the earth together, and made India physically so accessible, the people of India have incidentally been, in more important ways, only the farther removed from their English rulers and fellow-subjects; that while among Indian officers there is no less devotion to duty, there is far less of genuine enthusiasm for the interests of the country and people than in days gone by; that no Englishman now dreams of making his home in the country; and that from this and other causes there is not only less good feeling between the Englishman and the native, but, on the contrary, an increasing antipathy.

Now of this proposition it is not enough to say that it is less true of Burmah than of any other Indian province, for it is, I am fully persuaded, not true of Burmah at all. To whatever causes it may be due, my own experience is that, as a rule, the Englishman who has been for any length of time resident in Burmah, and has been thrown into daily intercourse with the people, entertains for them and inspires them with a kindly feeling closely resembling the friendliness which subsists between different classes of a kindred population; nor, if I read its signs rightly, will any lapse of years, any increased facility of communication, or any growth of a new civilization affect the sources from which this sympathy springs. Among these

sources must certainly be reckoned the absence of artificial restraints which marks the social system of the Burmese, and which is exemplified in every phase of daily life.

The natives of every Indian province are accustomed enough to take full advantage of the accessibility of an English officer, and love nothing better than to sit with him in desultory conversation ; but it is only in Burmah that one sees the family groups which throng the verandahs of a deputy commissioner, or where on visiting a native in his own home you are introduced without formality to the ladies of the family.

One naturally regards the marriage of an English officer with a Burmese wife as an incongruous alliance, yet the fact that such marriages have from time to time taken place without exciting very much comment, serves to illustrate the same point. It is perhaps unlikely that the social relations of the two peoples will ever be much more intimate than at present, nor does it seem either possible or desirable that the one people should be entirely at home in the social assemblies of the other. Still less need we desire for Burmah a repetition of the phenomenon presented by modern Japan. It is enough if the mutual relations of the two races are healthy, and this they may be safely said to be.

But it is not only the consonance of their social systems which draws the two peoples together ; there is much also in the character of each which has the same tendency.

To take a conspicuous example : whether it arises from a higher or at least a more English conception of truth among a people whose traditions attach the utmost sanctity to a solemn promise, or from a certain fearlessness which despises a shirking of the truth, or merely from a deficiency of natural acuteness, the simple fact that duplicity, rife as it may be, is so much easier of detection in Burmah than elsewhere in the East, has its charm for the matter-of-fact Englishman accustomed to other Oriental races ; and though this may seem a trait which hardly rises to the level of a virtue, it is one which vitally affects the aspect of all dealings with the people. Again, as the child is father of the man, the way in which the Burmese character appeals to English sympathy is very plainly seen by those who have charge of Burmese children. The Burmese boy, eminently teachable as he is, is singularly attractive as a pupil ; as regards his con-

duct, he is always open to an appeal to his self-respect and sense of what is manly and honorable, and is amenable to all such influences as unite masters and boys in an English public school. A defective training and a course of injudicious petting never fail, indeed, to induce a foppishness and a dependent spirit which fawns upon authority and behaves like a spoilt child, but the discipline of a good English school is capable, without denationalizing the Burman, of drawing out and developing the masculine qualities which underlie his character. To all who have been associated with the people in Burmah during late years, examples of each of these types will readily occur.

And as between master and pupil, so between Englishmen and their native associates in every capacity, the relation seems to be more one of genuine sympathy and mutual understanding than in the case of the native of India. Sincere and disinterested personal attachments between natives and Europeans have been proved by every test in all parts of the empire ; but while the devotion of the native to the European in India is nearly always that of a faithful vassal to his lord, in Burmah it has, I think, more of the relation of a man to his friend.

I am aware that there are those who, coming to Burmah after long experience of India, while they would admit the truth of what I have here said, would nevertheless rather have to do with the natives of India than with those of Burmah. There is much in a province so comparatively backward and so isolated from the busy world, which to the officer transferred from Bengal or Madras is intolerable : a veritable "sleepy hollow" he finds it after the active life of an Indian province. And if the life has less of excitement and interest, he finds the peculiarities of Burmese character less to his mind than those to which he has become accustomed on the continent of India. To such men the native of India, with his artificial method of life, with his keen imagination, his mechanical precision of routine, and his long-inherited knowledge of English ways and requirements, is far preferable in almost every relation of life to the Burman, whose very independence makes him unpopular with those accustomed to a more servile demeanor. Indifferent as he is to unavoidable hardship or unforeseen misfortune, and outwardly respectful and submissive to his superiors, the Burman is prone to resent any show of a tyrannical temper such as might be patiently borne in many

Indian provinces. And the same independent spirit, combined with that easy thriftlessness which distinguishes the Burman both from his Indian and Chinese neighbors, is evinced in many minor ways. The new-comer to Burmah is astonished, for example, to find that, excepting in the houses of officials in the interior, the natives of the country very rarely take domestic service, so that the Englishman's domestic establishment is, as a rule, entirely manned by natives of Madras, to whom the country is as foreign as to their masters, and who are only retained by the high rate of wages. In the same way the Military Commissariat Department is obliged to retain a large staff of Indian coolies for service as laborers, porters, and the like, in case of need; and even the drivers of hack carriages in Rangoon and other Burmese towns are one and all natives of India. But whatever may be the judgment as to the comparative virtues or usefulness of the natives of Burmah, it will be admitted by all alike that the province is conspicuous for the general good feeling which prevails between the people and their foreign rulers, and for the absence of that "reciprocity of dislike" which is only too well known elsewhere.

It would be affectation indeed to pretend that it is with anything but a sense of relief that the Englishman exchanges Burmah for his own country, but I feel sure that there is no province to which an officer returns from furlough with more unbroken interest in the people with whose welfare he is charged, or from which, at the end of his service, he retires with more unfeigned regrets.

Some individualities of the Burmese character are illustrated by the comparatively slow progress made in this province by even the most widely welcomed accompaniments of Western civilization; for the late date of the consolidation of the province will not wholly account for the passive resistance to innovation offered by the conservatism of a simple and contented people already richly endowed by nature. Outside the chief towns the Burman has acquired no new wants such as a foreign civilization has brought to his countrymen in cities. For his food he is content with the fish of the creek on which his bamboo cottage is built and the rice which grows on its borders, and for clothes with the fabrics woven in his native village. In his journeys to the neighboring town the canoe in which he has paddled from a child is sufficiently rapid carriage, and if he has news to send to distant relations the natural and

safest mode of transmission seems by the hand of a trustworthy messenger.

The "slow sweet hours that bring him all things good" suffice for all his business and his pleasure; he feels no prompting to hasten to get rich, no desire to hear news of wars and doings of far-off nations with whom he has no concern. What need to put his letter in new-fangled envelopes? and who is this English-speaking postmaster that he should entrust him with it rather than the brother or cousin whom he has known from infancy? As for the telegraph, how can a message be better or more quickly carried than by the downward current of the mighty Irrawaddy? Hence it is that the postal authorities at headquarters are still exercised in their minds by the small popularity gained by the post-office in Burmah, and that the lines of telegraph, which now bring nearly all parts of the province *ex rapport* with the capital of Rangoon and with the rest of the world, are as yet almost exclusively worked for the benefit of Europeans. And the same causes operate in many other directions. Thus the circulation of bank-notes, which in India has given such relief in business transactions, has been hitherto found an impossibility in Burmah.

On the other hand, in the towns and their neighborhood abundant signs are found of the influence of Western civilization. The English shops and stores of Rangoon are the resort of natives of all classes, and not only are many Burmese houses stocked with English furniture, but even in the Buddhist monastery may be seen, commonly enough, chairs, carpets, lamps, mirrors, clocks, and even opera-glasses and musical boxes. Every kind of mechanical toy or instrument seems to have a special attraction for the Burmese monk. A group of these ascetics, whose boast is in their poverty, may often be seen in the shop of a Rangoon watchmaker and optician examining his wares, and no more welcome present can be made to a monk than a pair of spectacles or opera-glasses.

The multiplication of schools and extension of education has distributed books and papers broadcast over the province, and even in remote villages the Burmese urchin now carries with him to school his slate and bundle of well-thumbed books.

The Burmese girl (unfortunately for her appearance) often exchanges her paper umbrella for an English parasol, and in her hair artificial flowers are too commonly substituted for the natural sprays.

For the most part, however, there is hap-

pily no change in the picturesque native costume. The patent-leather shoes and long white stockings, which have become a part of Bengali dress, have hitherto found far less favor in Burmah; and where foreign novelties are introduced, they are rather adapted to than substituted for their indigenous counterparts. Even names are thus often naturalized, as when the English "coachman" is converted into the common Burmese name of "Ko Shwe Moung."

Perhaps the question of the greatest interest in regard to the results of English administration is that of the influence exercised by the system of education actively promoted by the government. It is the fashion at present to hold very lightly, if not altogether to condemn, the work so energetically carried on by government for many years in this direction throughout India. Do the same influences tend to other results in dealing with a different race of people? or are we only raising in one more province another generation of what most people regard as superficially taught, denominationalized, discontented Orientals, only to be a source of positive peril to ourselves? The complaint against the educated Baboo is the same as that against women who affect the ways of men, that the result is the spoiling of two good things. "Give us," men say, "either one thing or the other: a good bigoted Hindu, following the traditions of his fathers, and tolerating Europeans as they tolerate him; or an Englishman of a no less unmistakable type. We can make nothing of this unnatural product of the two civilizations, the manufacture of your English colleges." Now, though I am very far from echoing the general condemnation of English education in India which is implied in such language as this, no one can have lived for any long time in India without fully realizing the grounds which exist for such criticism, and it is not difficult to note the extent to which the evils attendant upon the Anglo-Indian system repeat themselves here under other conditions.

It must be premised, however, that no comparison can be made between the influences of English education in Burmah and India such as is possible in the case of two Indian provinces, because in this, as in many other matters, the province is at least a quarter of a century behind the rest of the empire. Two or three English schools in Arakan and Tenasserim date from thirty or forty years ago, but it is within very late years that the direction of the popular education has been entrusted to a special de-

partment of the local administration, that schools have been classified and their regular inspection provided for, and that a distinct provincial scheme has been organized, based at one end on the indigenous monastic foundations, and culminating in connection with the Indian university system.

There do exist, however, already sufficient grounds on which to institute a general comparison, and to estimate with some confidence the value of the measures adopted in the Burmese province. An experience even of schools whose course of teaching is most elementary, is enough to show something of the difference in the crop gathered from the same seed in a new soil, while the province contains excellent examples of natives who have had a thorough training in English schools in India and in England.

National comparisons are perhaps not less odious or less liable to error than those between individuals, but it will be in no spirit of partiality if my judgment tends to favor the "educated" Burman as compared with the average of natives of India who have gone through a similar course of training. No one can deny that there are very many natives of India who have reaped the just reward of indomitable perseverance, whose time of training has not been lost, who have known and avoided the evils of mere cramming and set themselves to gather the full benefits offered by an Indian university. These, however, unfortunately do not form the majority, and it is notorious that there are very many more whose quickness of wit has carried them through the university course only to land them in disappointment, and who would probably have been better advised had they turned their energies in other directions. It would be rash at this date to pronounce dogmatically on the effects which will be ultimately produced on the people of Burmah by our educational policy, but, so far as one can see, the very intellectual deficiencies of the Burman seem to serve as a safeguard against any wide-spread disappointment such as is continually deplored in India. It is not only that, while the Indian boy is diligent and attentive, the Burmese boy is indolent, that his eyes wander to the playground, and his thoughts to the sweetmeat-man who sits outside the class-room awaiting his release; the most patient and diligent Burmese boy has rarely the acuteness, the almost feminine quickness of perception, which characterizes his Indian schoolfellow. Hence his task causes him far more labor, and, as

a consequence, is often better digested. More painfully acquired, and more slowly absorbed, his school lessons seem to have a firmer grasp on his mind, than in the case of so many more acute natives of India. From a combination of these and other causes the Burman who undergoes the intellectual training and moral discipline of a well-managed English school is neither denationalized nor rendered effeminate; and, so far as a judgment is at present possible, there seems to be no reason to regard with anything but hopefulness the policy pursued by the government in this province in the important matter of education.

A few words must be added as to the moral effects of the same policy, acting upon the professors of a religion with which is coupled the teaching of a moral code hardly to be surpassed for purity. In India one of the chief complaints against English education is that the training given is exclusively intellectual, and that while the unfortunate Hindu is thus ousted from the comfortable and sufficiently satisfying traditions of a thousand generations, he is left to shift for himself as regards the substitution of a better faith. Nor could this well be otherwise, especially since those by whom he is taught are often not less perplexed than himself in matters of religious faith, and are thus without the missionary enthusiasm which they would be debarred from indulging even if they had it. A grave misfortune it undoubtedly is, though the remedy does not seem to me, as to some, to lie in "the preservation of the *status quo*" or in "a policy of inactivity." And to some extent the same effects flow from the same causes in the province under notice. Whether it be an evil or otherwise, it is impossible for the Burman who has learnt even the rudiments of geography to continue to believe in the traditional Budhist cosmogony; and when the *Myemmu* mountain has faded into fable, it is in the common course of things that all else that is fabulous in the beliefs of his ancestors should follow in its train.

In the case of the Burmese Budhist, however, whether it be that the residuum both moral and religious is so considerable, or that his slower imagination prevents his following his doubts to any logical conclusion, it seems possible to retain at least a temporary anchorage in a more rational if less orthodox Budhism, and so to be less hopelessly and abruptly cut adrift than the Hindu who has been put to a similar trial.

The Christianization of the country may be an impossible dream, but it is legitimate to hope that contact and familiarity with the literature and thought of Christendom may at least lift into prominence such elements of Budhism as can stand the test of time, and our English schools, with all their defects, will not have done bad service if, while they train the capable officers required by the civil power, they help to take away from Budhism the reproach that its pure morality has not availed to influence the national life.

Finally, at a time when so much mistrust is afloat on the subject of our position in India, when it is considered at least an open question whether the possession of this Eastern empire is a curse or a blessing to England, whether our position in the East is moral or immoral, safe or dangerous; when the empire is declared to be bankrupt, and its people crushed to the earth by taxation and decimated by famines for which we ourselves are largely responsible; when armed feudatories within our border are thought by some to be in league with open enemies without,—what is the attitude of the Burmese, who are akin to the rest only in sharing with them the same foreign dominion? On one side it is broadly and confidently stated that the "loyalty" of the people throughout the British Indian empire is beyond shadow of question, and on the other that they are only waiting for the opportunity to vent the hatred that is in their hearts. Any such general discussion as this, however, seems to me to be idle, because it can never supply a basis for action. Were we assured a hundredfold of the attachment of the people to our rule, it would be none the less our duty to maintain such a military force as would render our position secure against the possibility of attack not less from within than from without. Into the general question, therefore, how far the Burmese people are loyal subjects of the queen, and prefer the administration of Englishmen to that of princes of their own race, I am not concerned to enter. But it must always be matter of concern and a legitimate subject of consideration how far our system of government is judiciously adapted to local circumstances; whether our law courts have the confidence of the people; how our system of taxation affects them; what use they make of the security of life and property which we have brought them, the increased facilities for trade and commerce, the introduction to the science and literature of Europe. And when we regard the condition of the province from

this point of view, the picture which is presented is certainly not otherwise than encouraging.

In the first place, to look at its financial position, this portion of the empire is a distinctly paying concern, and that in what is still its infancy as a separate province, and before either its resources have been fully opened up or its administration perfected. The chief commissioner, in his annual report, is able to call attention to the fact that "after the cost of every branch of the administration is defrayed, nearly three-quarters of a million sterling are annually contributed to the imperial exchequer," and there are well-wishers of the province who, on this account, would gladly see its administration transferred from the Indian viceroyalty to the Colonial Office. This rapidly expanding revenue is, moreover, collected under a system which is still confessedly imperfect, judiciously based as it has been on ancient native practice.

The same care to adapt new methods of administration to local circumstances, and as far as possible to employ native agency in their introduction, is seen in the administration of justice. The Indian penal code, which for its simplicity and efficiency is the envy of older countries, is administered with the same scrupulous care as throughout the empire, and the records of appeals from the courts of native magistrates show "that their sentences, if not always legally correct, have at least, generally speaking, the merit of substantial justice."

As regards civil justice, we learn from the annual report that "by far the largest share of the judicial work of the province is disposed of by Burmese judges;" and although the English legal system is far less intimately and generally known in Burmah than in India, these native courts are said to perform their work satisfactorily, and the hope is confidently expressed that "with the advance of education generally throughout the country, the efficiency of these courts will show corresponding progress." Meantime, "no effort is spared by translation of acts and otherwise, to bring legal knowledge within reach of the people in their own vernacular."

It is beside my present object to notice in detail the many works of public importance carried on by the executive government: the management of the local prisons, the system of forestry, the organization of the police, the supervision of the public health, the carrying out of pub-

lic works, and the like; but a study of the working of the several departments would show that a careful and successful adaptation of measures to local peculiarities is characteristic of all alike.

The military force by which this system of administration is backed consists of a garrison of about two thousand Europeans and the same number of native troops, while internal order is satisfactorily maintained by a native police officered by Europeans.

And if we turn to the records of the material prosperity which is the fruit of the government thus administered, the prospect must be pronounced sufficiently satisfactory. In a single year (1876-77) the area of land under cultivation increased by more than one hundred thousand acres and the land revenue by 12,000*l.*, while the development of the trade of the province was even more remarkable. The opening of the Suez Canal, following closely upon the settlement of the country under a sound system of government, has enormously increased the sea-borne trade, and in the same year the total value of imports and exports increased upwards of two and a half millions sterling, or nineteen per cent.

Blots there are, no doubt, on our administration, and it is difficult, for instance, to regard with anything but regret the steady increase recorded in the receipts from the opium traffic. Opium-smoking, which has never hitherto been in Burmah the national evil that it is in China, is already far too common, and its extension can be regarded only as an unmixed calamity. The habitual opium-smoker may be known at a glance, and the pitiful sight he presents should be enough to take the gloss from any credit which an administration may claim for increased revenue from such sources as this.

Meantime it cannot be denied that a vast and increasing prosperity has accrued to this long-distracted country solely by the efforts of English administrators; and if the extent to which population is attracted to the province is any test of the popularity of the government, it is satisfactory to know that, "while the emigration of natives of British Burmah to other countries is of very rare occurrence, immigration is unceasing from all quarters," the most useful class of colonists being Burmese and Shans from the neighboring territories of the king of Ava.

As regards the province of British Burmah, therefore, it is impossible to share the extreme views advocated by some

political theorists in England, by whom the Eastern subjects of the queen are one and all regarded either as outer barbarians or as oppressed nationalities, with whom our connection is at once unwelcome to all concerned and discreditable if not perilous to ourselves, so that we are bidden to look forward with longing to the day when the tie which binds them to England will be severed, and the many populations now united under a strong and liberal though foreign government shall be pronounced "fit to govern themselves;" in other words, to the day when the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and Punjabee and Mahratta, Hindustani and Bengali, Mogul and Madrasee shall live peaceably side by side, each under rulers of their own race and creed.

A great deal of this misgiving as to the present, and this eagerness to hasten on a future which is in truth so remote that its ultimate possibility seems the most doubtful of all propositions, is unquestionably due to a want of practical acquaintance with India, for which the fashionable run through the country in the cold weather, on which so much confident theorizing is based, is, as often as not, worse than no remedy.

P. HORDERN.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
A FARMHOUSE DIRGE.

## I.

WILL you walk with me to the brow of the hill, to visit the farmer's wife, Whose daughter lies in the churchyard now, eased of the ache of life? Half a mile by the winding lane, another half to the top; There you may lean o'er the gate and rest: she will want me awhile to stop, Stop and talk of her girl that is gone, and no more will wake or weep, Or to listen rather, for sorrow loves to babble its pain to sleep.

## II.

How thick with acorns the ground is strewn, rent from their cups and brown! How the golden leaves of the windless elms come singly fluttering down! The briony hangs in the thinning hedge, as russet as harvest corn, The straggling blackberries glisten jet, the haws are red on the thorn; The clematis smells no more but lifts its gossamer weight on high: If you only gazed on the year, you would think how beautiful 'tis to die.

III.  
The stream scarce flows underneath the bridge; they have dropped the sluice of the mill; The roach bask deep in the pool above, and the water-wheel is still. The meal lies quiet on bin and floor; and here where the deep banks wind, The water-mosses nor sway nor bend, so nothing seems left behind. If the wheels of life would but sometimes stop, and the grinding awhile would cease, 'Twere so sweet to have, without dying quite, just a spell of autumn peace.

## IV.

Cottages four, two new, two old, each with its clambering rose: Lath and plaster and weather-tiles these, brick faced with stone are those. Two crouch low from the wind and the rain, and tell of the humbler days, Whilst the other pair stand up and stare with a self-asserting gaze; But I warrant you'd find the old as snug as the new did you lift the latch, For the human heart keeps no whit more warm under slate than beneath the thatch.

## V.

Tenants of two of them work for me, punctual, sober, true; I often wish that I did as well the work I have got to do. Think not to pity their lowly lot, nor wish that their thoughts soared higher; The canker comes on the garden rose, and not on the wilding brier. Doubt and gloom are not theirs, and so they but work and love; they live Rich in the only valid boons that life can withhold or give.

## VI.

Here is the railway bridge, and see how straight do the bright lines keep, With pheasant copses on either side, or pastures of quiet sheep. The big loud city lies far away, far too is the cliff-bound shore, But the trains that travel betwixt them seem as if burdened with their roar. Yet, quickly they pass, and leave no trace, not the echo e'en of their noise: Don't you think that silence and stillness are the sweetest of all our joys?

## VII.

Lo! yonder the farm, and these the ruts that the broad-wheeled wains have worn, As they bore up the hill the faggots sere, or the mellow shocks of corn. The hops are gathered, the twisted bines now brown on the brown clods lie, And nothing of all man sowed to reap is seen 'twixt the earth and sky. Year after year doth the harvest come, though at summer's and beauty's cost: One can only hope, when our lives grow bare, some reap what our hearts have lost.

## A FARMHOUSE DIRGE.

## VIII.

And this is the orchard, — small and rude, and uncared-for, but oh ! in spring, How white is the slope with cherry bloom, and the nightingales sit and sing ! You would think that the world had grown young once more, had forgotten death and fear, That the nearest thing unto woe, on earth, was the smile of an April tear ; That goodness and gladness were twin, were one : The robin is chorister now ; The russet fruit on the ground is piled, and the lichen cleaves to the bough.

## IX.

Will you lean o'er the gate, while I go on ? You can watch the farmyard life, The beeves, the farmer's hope, and the poult, that gladden his thrifty wife ; Or, turning, gaze on the hazy weald, — you will not be seen from here, — Till your thoughts, like it, grow blurred and vague, and mingle the far and near. Grief is a flood, and not a spring, whatever in grief we say ; And perhaps her woe, should she see me alone, will run more quickly away.

## I.

"I thought you would come this morning, ma'am. Yes, Edith at last has gone ; To-morrow's a week, ay, just as the sun right into her window shone ; Went with the night, the vicar says, where endeth never the day ; But she's left a darkness behind her here I wish she had taken away. She is no longer with us, but we seem to be always with her, In the lonely bed where we laid her last, and can't get her to speak or stir.

## 2.

"Yes, I'm at work ; 'tis time I was. I should have begun before ; But this is the room where she lay so still, ere they carried her past the door. I thought I never could let her go where it seems so lonely of nights ; But now I am scrubbing and dusting down, and setting the place to rights. All I have kept are the flowers there, the last that stood by her bed. I suppose I must throw them away. *She* looked much fairer when she was dead.

## 3.

"Thank you, for thinking of her so much. Kind thought is the truest friend. I wish you had seen how pleased she was with the peaches you used to send. She tired of *them* too ere the end, so she did with all we tried ; But she liked to look at them all the same, so we set them down by her side.

Their bloom and the flush upon her cheek were alike, I used to say ; Both were so smooth, and soft, and round, and both have faded away.

## 4.

"I never could tell you how kind too were the ladies up at the hall ; Every noon, or fair or wet, one of them used to call. Worry and work seems ours, but yours pleasant and easy days, And when all goes smooth, the rich and poor have different lives and ways. Sorrow and death bring men more close, 'tis joy that puts us apart ; 'Tis a comfort to think, though we're severed so, we're all of us one at heart.

## 5.

"She never wished to be smart and rich, as so many in these days do, Nor cared to go in on market-days to stare at the gay and new. She liked to remain at home and pluck the white violets down in the wood ; She said to her sisters before she died, 'Tis so easy to be good.' She must have found it so, I think, and that was the reason why God deemed it needless to leave her here, so took her up to the sky.

## 6.

"The vicar says that he knows she is there, and surely she ought to be ; But though I repeat the words, 'tis hard to believe what one does not see. They did not want me to go to the grave, but I could not have kept away, And whatever I do I can only see a coffin and churchyard clay. Yes, I know it's wrong to keep lingering there, and wicked and weak to fret ; And that's why I'm hard at work again, for it helps one to forget.

## 7.

"The young ones don't seem to take to work as their fathers and mothers did. We never were asked if we liked or no, but had to obey when bid. There's Bessie won't swill the dairy now, nor Richard call home the cows, And all of them cry, 'How can you, mother ?' when I carry the wash to the sows. Edith would drudge, for always death the hearth of the helpfulest robes. But she was so pretty I could not bare to set her on dirty jobs !

## 8.

"I don't know how it'll be with them when sorrow and loss are theirs, For it isn't likely that they'll escape their pack of worrits and cares.

They say it's an age of progress this, and a sight of things improves,  
But sickness, and age, and bereavement seem to work in the same old grooves.  
Fine they may grow, and that, but death as lief takes the moth as the grub.  
When their dear ones die, I suspect they'll wish they'd a floor of their own to scrub.

9.

"Some day they'll have a home of their own, much grander than this, no doubt,  
But polish the porch as you will you can't keep doctors and coffins out.  
I've done very well with my fowls this year, but what are pullets and eggs,  
When the heart in vain at the door of the grave the return of the lost one begs?  
The rich have leisure to wail and weep, the poor haven't time to be sad :  
If the cream hadn't been so contrary this week, I think grief would have driven me mad.

10.

"How does my husband bear up, you ask ?  
Well, thank you, ma'am, fairly well ;  
For he is too busy just now, you see, with the wheat and the hops to sell :  
It's when the work of the day is done, and he comes indoors at nights,  
While the twilight hangs round the windowpanes before I bring in the lights,  
And takes down his pipe, and says not a word, but watches the faggots roar —  
And then I know he is thinking of her who will sit on his knee no more.

11.

"Must you be going ? It seems so short.  
But thank you for thinking to come ;  
It does me good to talk of it all, and grief feels doubled when dumb.  
An the butter's not quite so good this week, if you please, ma'am, you must not mind,  
And I'll not forget to send the ducks and all the eggs we can find ;  
I've scarcely had time to look round me yet, work gets into such arrears,  
With only one pair of hands, and those fast wiping away one's tears.

12.

"You've got some flowers yet, haven't you, ma'am ? though they now must be going fast.  
We never have any to speak of here, and I placed on her coffin the last ;  
Could you spare me a few for Sunday next ? I should like to go all alone,  
And lay them down on the little mound where there isn't as yet a stone.  
Thank you kindly, I'm sure they'll do, and I promise to heed what you say ;  
I'll only just go and lay them there, and then I will come away."

X.

Come, let us go. Yes, down the hill, and home by the winding lane.  
The low-lying fields are suffused with haze, as life is suffused with pain.  
The noon mists gain on the morning sun, so despondency gains on youth ;  
We grope, and wrangle, and boast, but death is the only certain truth.  
O love of life ! what a foolish love ! we should weary of life did it last.  
While it lingers, it is but a little thing ; 'tis nothing at all when past.

XI.

The acorns thicker and thicker lie, the briony limpe' grows,  
There are mildewing beads on the leafless brier where once smiled the sweet dog-rose.  
You may see the leaves of the primrose push through the litter of sodden ground ;  
Their pale stars dream in the wintry womb, and the pimpernel sleepeth sound.  
They will awake ; shall we awake ? Are we more than imprisoned breath ?  
When the heart grows weak, then hope grows strong, but stronger than hope is death.

October, 1878.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

From Macmillan's Magazine,  
TRAFALGAR.

OCTOBER 21, 1805.

HEARD ye the thunder of battle  
Low in the south and afar ?  
Saw ye the flash of the death-cloud  
Crimson on Trafalgar ?  
Such another day never  
England will look on again,  
Where the battle fought was the hottest,  
And the hero of heroes was slain !

I.

For the fleet of France and the force of Spain  
were gather'd for fight,  
A greater than Philip their lord, a new Armada  
in might ;  
And the sails were white once more in the deep  
Gaditanian bay,  
Where "Redoubtable" and "Bucentaure"  
and great "Trinidada" lay ;  
Eager-reluctant to fight ; for across the blood-shed to be  
Two navies beheld one prize in its glory, — the  
throne of the sea !  
Which were bravest, who should tell ? for  
both were gallant and true ;  
But the greatest seaman was ours, of all that  
sailed o'er the blue.

2.

From Cadiz the enemy sallied : they knew not  
Nelson was there ;  
His name a navy to us, but to them a flag of  
despair.

## TRAFALGAR.

From Ayamonte to Algeziras he guarded the coast,  
Till he bore from Tavira south ; and they now  
must fight, or be lost ;  
Vainly they steer'd for the Rock and the Mid-  
land sheltering sea,  
For he headed the admirals round, constrain-  
ing them under his lee,  
Villeneuve of France, and Gravina of Spain :  
so they shifted their ground,  
They could choose, — they were more than we ;  
and they faced at Trafalgar round ;  
Banking their fleet two deep, a fortress-wall  
thirty-tower'd ;  
In the midst, four-storied with guns, the dark  
“Trinidad” lower'd.

## 3.

So with those. — But meanwhile, as against  
some dyke that men massively rear,  
From on high the torrent surges, to drive  
through the dyke as a spear,  
Eagle-eyed all in his blindness, our chief sets  
his double array,  
Making the fleet two spears, to thrust at the  
foe, anyway, . . .  
“Anyhow ! — without orders, each captain  
his Frenchman may grapple perforce :  
“Collingwood first” (yet the “Victory” ne'er  
a whit slacken'd her course).  
“Signal for action ! Farewell ! we shall win,  
but we meet not again !”  
Then a low thunder of readiness ran from the  
decks o'er the main,  
And on, — as the message from masthead to  
masthead flew out like a flame,  
ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS  
DUTY, — they came.

## 4.

Silent they come ; while the thirty black forts  
of the foemen's array  
Clothe them in billowy snow, tier speaking  
o'er tier as they lay ;  
Flashes that came and went, as swords when  
the battle is rife ;  
But ours stood frowningly smiling, and ready  
for death as for life.  
O in that interval grim, ere the furies of  
slaughter embrace,  
Thrills o'er each man some far echo of En-  
gland ; some glance of some face !  
Faces gazing seaward through tears from the  
ocean-girt shore ;  
Features that ne'er can be gazed on again till  
the death-pang is o'er. . . .  
Lone in his cabin the admiral kneeling, and all  
his great heart  
As a child's to the mother, goes forth to the  
loved one, who bade him depart  
. . . O not for death, but glory ! her smile  
would welcome him home !  
Louder and thicker the thunderbolts fall ; and  
silent they come.

## 5.

As when beyond Dongola the lion, whom  
hunters attack,  
Stung by their darts from afar, leaps in, divid-  
ing them back ;

So between Spaniard and Frenchman the  
“Victory” wedged with a shout,  
Gun against gun ; a cloud from her decks and  
lightning went out ;  
Iron hailing of pitiless death from the sul-  
phury smoke ;  
Voices hoarse and parch'd, and blood from  
invisible stroke.  
Each man stood to his work, though his mates  
fell smitten around,  
As an oak of the wood, while his fellow, flame-  
shatter'd, besplinters the ground :  
Gluttons of danger for England, but sparing  
the foe as he lay ;  
For the spirit of Nelson was on them, and  
each was Nelson that day.

## 6.

“She has struck !” he shouted. “She  
burns, the ‘Redoubtable’ ! Save whom  
we can,  
Silence our guns !” for in him the woman was  
great in the man,  
In that heroic heart each drop girl-gentle and  
pure,  
Dying by those he spared ; and now Death's  
triumph was sure !  
From the deck the smoke-wreath clear'd, and  
the foe set his rifle in rest,  
Dastardly aiming, where Nelson stood forth,  
with the stars on his breast :  
“In honor I gain'd them, in honor I die with  
them” . . . Then, in his place,  
Fell. . . . “Hardy ! 'tis over ; but let them  
not know ;” and he cover'd his face.  
Silent, the whole fleet's darling they bore to  
the twilight below ;  
And above the war-thunder came shouting, as  
foe struck his flag after foe.

## 7.

To his heart death rose : and for Hardy, the  
faithful, he cried in his pain, —  
“How goes the day with us, Hardy ?” . . .  
“Tis ours.” Then he knew, not in  
vain  
Not in vain for his comrades and England he  
bled : how he left her secure,  
Queen of her own blue seas, while his name  
and example endure.  
O, like a lover he loved her ! for her as water  
he pours  
Life-blood and life and love, given all for her  
sake, and for ours !  
“Kiss me, Hardy ! — Thank God ! I have  
done my duty !” And then  
Fled that heroic soul, and left not his like  
among men.

Hear ye the heart of a nation  
Groan, for her saviour is gone ;  
Gallant and true and tender,  
Child and chieftain in one ?  
Such another day never

England will weep for again,  
When the triumph darken'd the triumph,  
And the hero of heroes was slain.

F. T. PALGRAVE.